

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 115

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

CAN WE DO WITHOUT COAL?

CHASED BY A COBRA WOMAN'S ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Plague of Snakes at Kimberley SITTING ON AN ADDER

A woman living near Kimberley, in South Africa, has just had a thrilling and terrible adventure.

She was outside her home, a farmhouse, when a cobra, the most deadly of all snakes, suddenly appeared and began to move toward her. The woman ran for the house, but the cobra chased her and gradually overtook her, and but for the fact that as she reached the threshold and slammed the door she caught the reptile between it and the doorpost, crushing it to death, she herself would have lost her life. The cobra was nearly five feet long.

The Secret of the Bucket

The day after this fearful experience the woman's husband was sitting on an upturned bucket when he heard a noise inside, and on turning the vessel over saw a puff adder, another very deadly species of reptile. It made no attempt to move off, and the man had the presence of mind to turn the bucket over again, imprisoning the snake. Then a fire was lighted right round the bucket, and the creature was destroyed in the flames.

These poisonous snakes are increasing in numbers in the Kimberley district, and many more have been killed recently than for years past. They are a serious menace to life in districts with a growing population, and energetic steps are being taken to combat what is regarded as a plague of snakes.

Mr. J. Alden Loring, the naturalist with the Roosevelt African Expedition, tells of a narrow escape a photographer had while living in a tent out on the bare and lonely veldt.

A Terrible Quarter of an Hour

The photographer had been asleep on the ground, and woke up to find an immense cobra stretched at his feet. The slightest movement on his part would have meant death. The beady eyes of the venomous reptile stared at him, and though his rifle lay within easy reach he dared not attempt to seize it, but had to remain absolutely still and scarcely breathing. He even had to lock his jaws and set his muscles to prevent his limbs from shaking and annoying the snake.

The minutes were like years, and then the snake began to crawl toward the side of the tent. It struck the canvas, and to the horror of the man, turned and crawled back toward him. Meeting the leg of the camera it coiled round it, and, seizing the opportunity, the photographer tried to get his rifle, but the sound of the movement enraged the cobra, which again turned and began to inflate its hood in the manner usual with these snakes as though about to strike out. Never did a man have a more terrify-

Colours for the Girl Sea Guides



The Girl Guides, like the Boy Scouts, are now learning seamanship, and here we see the presentation of colours to the St. Mary's Girl Sea Guides at Battersea

ing moment. The photographer's blood seemed to freeze in his veins as he expected every moment to be bitten by the deadly snake.

It did not strike, however, and after threatening for a few minutes it crawled round him and out of sight. He could follow its progress by the sound on the gravel, and this was, perhaps, the worst part of the whole experience, for while the snake was in sight the man at least knew what it was doing, whereas when it went to the back of him he could never know whether it was not getting ready to strike. At the least cessation of the crawling sound he feared that the snake might be rearing for the attack.

Then it came back into view again, and when it was near his hands the man made up his mind in an instant. He thrust out like lightning and seized its head.

A fierce and bitter struggle ensued, but the man won. Dashing out of his

tent, he beat the snake again and again on a rock, then flung it from him, and killed it with stones. It was an experience never to be forgotten by a brave and adventurous traveller.

CANADA'S RAILWAYS Greatest System in the World

In view of the recent discussion concerning nationalisation of British coal mines it is interesting to note that the Canadian Government is taking final steps toward the nationalisation of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

The completion of these negotiations will make the Canadian National Railway, with its 23,000 miles of track spanning the continent from Atlantic to Pacific, and with its steamships plying the seven seas, the greatest transportation system in the world. Its mileage is equal to the total railway mileage of Great Britain.

SEEING INSIDE THE BODY

THE SURGEON AND HIS WONDERFUL PERISCOPE

Removing a Bullet Without the Prick of a Lancet

LAMPS AND MAGNETS IN THE HUMAN FRAME

The medical profession is justly proud of the way in which experts at the Jefferson Hospital, in Philadelphia, have extracted a bullet from a man's body without making an opening with a lancet.

Generally speaking, an instrument follows the course of such a missile and withdraws it, but here the X-rays showed that the bullet was in such a position in one of the lungs that ordinary methods would be fatal. So an appliance called the bronchoscope was used.

The bronchoscope is a wonderful example of scientific mechanism, consisting of a thin silver tube, which passes down the throat and windpipe of the patient into the lungs. At the far end is a tiny electric glow lamp, which, when the current is turned on, lights up the interior of the chest. Magnifying glasses and mirrors are also fitted, and these reflect a picture of internal conditions back to a mirror outside the mouth.

Wonders of Modern Surgery

By means of this instrument the bullet in question was detected, and, specially-made forceps having been passed down the tube, it was easily withdrawn. The operation itself is not new. Eleven years ago a large shawl-pin which a young woman had swallowed was successfully recovered by this method at King's College Hospital. So long ago as 1903, Dr. Guisez, in Paris, drew forth a swallowed nail from a sufferer's lungs by using the bronchoscope and a magnet.

Needless to say, in all such cases the patient suffers no pain; an anaesthetic sends him into a dreamless sleep, and he wakes up to find himself cured. It is one of the glories of surgery that its practitioners are constantly devising methods of lessening discomfort.

Romance of Catgut

We have already noted Dr. Guisez's use of a magnet, but the services of this aid to painless surgery are manifold. For example, a man with fragments of steel in his eye attends a hospital and places his eye over an electro-magnet, which draws out the injurious fragments.

One of our London hospitals is producing today the finest surgical catgut ever known, and its use in surgery is one of the romances of mercy.

At one time internal stitching had to be done with silk, and even silver wire, which had eventually to be removed, so necessitating the wound being kept open. But catgut has not to be removed. It is gradually absorbed in the body, and the incision can be closed as soon as the surgeon chooses.

THE MONEY PENDULUM

ODD STORY OF AN OLD MAN'S FORTUNE

How it was Doubled in a Starving Land

AND HOW HUNGARY LOST A FRIEND

The rapid rise and fall in the value of money between one country and another, or the fluctuations of exchange, as business people call it, can be seen very strangely in a true story reported by our Hungarian correspondent.

A man of Jewish race, born in Hungary, left Budapest twenty years ago for the United States, where he became an American citizen. There he prospered so much that he became worth £16,000.

When the war was over the old man's heart turned afresh to the land of his birth, and he determined to return to it and use his earnings for its benefit.

Hungary's Great Need

Returning to the village where he was born, near Budapest, he introduced agricultural machinery that was greatly needed, and he was prepared to continue that form of helpfulness with the remainder of his fortune, which he had transferred to a Hungarian bank.

But his intention was checked by an order from the Hungarian Government which declared that Jews who were citizens of foreign countries must leave the Hungarian State within a certain number of days.

After trying in vain to escape from obedience to this regulation—for he greatly desired to stay—he was obliged to withdraw his money from the bank and leave Hungary.

However, in the twenty weeks that had passed since his arrival the Hungarian exchange had improved, and the Hungarian marks that represented an American dollar had become just half the number that represented the dollar when the exile re-entered the country.

Turning Away a Helper

The result was that he received back from the bank, in American dollars, a sum equal to £30,400 in British money; and, taking his money back to America, he found himself enriched, at the expense of Hungary, in 20 weeks, through the swing of the pendulum of exchange, by as much money as he had saved in America during 20 years of hard and successful work. Twenty weeks in his poor, starving homeland had doubled the fortune he had made in 20 years in rich America!

He had come to his old home worth £16,000. He left it again worth twice as much, owing to foolish laws that turned away good American money and flung after it Hungarian money that the country could ill afford to lose.

In spite of his good intentions toward Hungary the Hungarian Jew had, by no desire of his own, filled his pockets to overflowing with money Hungary could not afford to lose.

Such was the harmful effect of bad law-making, interfering with the natural circulation of money.

HELPING THE DOCTOR

Knowledge from a Plant

A plant that can be infected with a certain disease is proving of great help to doctors who are making experiments to find out how to treat one of the most dreadful of human ailments, cancer.

The plant is inoculated, and becomes "ill." The effects of the X-rays upon it are then tested, and the curing of the plant sickness can be watched very closely. Some very successful work is being done with the help of plants on these lines.

GIDEON'S CHOSEN

THE 300 WHO SAVED HIM

New Light on a Curious Bible Mystery

THE WISE MEN WHO LAPPED THE WATER

So he brought down the people unto the water; and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lapped of the water with his tongue, as a dog lapped, him shalt thou set by himself.

And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you.

Often have these words from the Bible puzzled people who read them. Why should Gideon have chosen his warriors because they lapped up water in their hands instead of bending the knee and drinking from the stream?

The answer, it appears, is that the 300 men who lapped the water were wise men and safe men; *the men who knew.*

Indian Who Was Afraid

When Dr. Nelson Annandale, the Director of the great Natural History Survey of India, was journeying recently in Western Baluchistan, close to the Afghan frontier, he saw a very interesting sight that brought back very vividly Old Testament times.

He saw a member of an Indian labour corps drinking at a spring, and drinking very carefully, lapping the surface water with his hand. When asked why he did this so carefully the Indian answered that he was afraid of leeches—for there is a freshwater leech, which is

How to Save the World

We give elsewhere the last public words of the American Ambassador on American soil. Here we give his first public words on English soil:

I bring a message of good cheer and hope which the President has commissioned me to convey:

I am directed by my Government to extend to England the full co-operation of America in all good works.

If the great Empire and Republic get together, shoulder to shoulder, they cannot, and must not, fail to save themselves and the world.

well-known in Palestine, that is apt to lodge in the gullet of men and beasts when they drink directly from the water.

It was very interesting to see the Indian skimming the surface of the water, for it brought into memory the old story of Gideon, told in the Book of Judges. He was going to attack the Midianites by night, and the warning came to him that he had too large an army, and must make the attack with those who, when they came to the brook, lapped water with their hands instead of kneeling down and drinking directly—a dangerous thing to do because of the leeches and other parasites.

Only three hundred drank wisely—with their hands—and they were Gideon's chosen men.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Begonia Be-go-ne-ah
Caprera Kah-pray-rah
Fuchsia Fu-shah
Pelargonium Pel-ar-go-ne-um
Petunia Pe-tu-ne-ah
Trieste Tree-est

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AUSTRALIA

FAST NEW FIELD OF WORK AND ADVENTURE

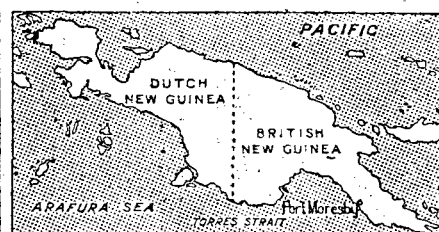
Island Territory Three Times as Big as England

AREA OF GREAT WEALTH

Australia has formally taken over the government of the British and German parts of New Guinea. Her officials have begun their work, and are being followed by her men of science.

It is a wonderful chance for a new, bold, and energetic nation to make her mark on the ages by conquering, with knowledge and sympathy, a great and largely unknown land.

The part of New Guinea in which the Commonwealth has now accepted the tasks of exploration, civilisation, and development is more than three times as large as England. Much of it is un-



New Guinea, showing the British half, including the former German colony, now governed by Australia

visited as yet by white men. Its native population can only be guessed at, but it probably numbers more than half a million. The natural wealth, in a fertile soil, abundant forests, and anticipated mineral resources, is undoubtedly very considerable.

The nearness of Australia to this land of untried possibilities marks her out as its natural guardian and trustee for mankind. Above all, it gives her a new field for enterprise in which she may win her spurs as a pioneer State.

The splendid energy with which the conquest of Australia has been carried on against distance and drought gives the world strong assurance that the Australians will do their full share in bringing their part of the tropics into the general service of mankind.

ON THEIR HONOUR

A University Experiment

As a further development of its famous Honour System, whereby students are left entirely on their honour not to cheat during examinations, Princetown University has now put the power of expulsion into the hands of a body elected by the students, known as the Senior Council.

It is stated that students will report irregularities to this council when they would not do so to the faculty. The faculty will not question the council's decisions in regard to dismissals, and will not even require to know the cause thereof.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many children are born in your town in a month and how many people die?

Here are figures for ten towns for four weeks compared with the previous year.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1921	1920	1921	1920
London	8457	10304	4387	5145
Glasgow	2502	2918	1319	1642
Birmingham	1945	2153	862	1060
Liverpool	1790	2059	960	1070
Manchester	1437	1671	815	881
Dublin	977	1064	574	606
Sheffield	948	1074	444	544
Belfast	919	1072	537	813
Leeds	837	925	448	576
Edinburgh	783	754	506	405

The four weeks are up to April 30, 1921

WHAT IS A GROCER?

Queer Problem for the Law Courts

WHEN A DRAPER IS NOT A DRAPER

Our courts of law are greatly occupied at the present time with the question, What is a grocer?

No doubt every boy and girl thinks the answer to the question is easy, but the magistrates do not find it so. When some tradesmen at West Ham were summoned the other day for failing to obey the Grocers' and Provision Dealers' Closing Order, they maintained that they were not grocers.

One woman had sold a packet of tea after eight o'clock and declared that she was an oilman. This raised the further question whether oil could be legally sold after hours, and while the magistrate believed she might sell olive oil the prosecuting solicitor doubted it. In any case, he said, it had never been decided whether paraffin could be sold after eight.

The magistrate then explained that though a grocer was originally a man who sold by the gross, the modern extension of the meaning of the word covered the keeper of a general store. He therefore fined the tradesmen a pound each, and even a draper who had sold a packet of soap after eight was held to be a grocer in the modern sense, and was fined two pounds.

The magistrate was quite right in his explanation of the original meaning of grocer. In the Middle Ages the word was spelt grosser and meant any wholesale dealer who sold goods in large, or gross, quantities. What we now call a grocer was then known as a spicer.

Grosser is made up from gross, a word that came to us through the French from the Latin grossus, meaning great.

AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS

200,000 Taken in a Minute

Some remarkable photographs have been taken by means of an entirely new kind of cinematograph camera, which make it possible to watch at leisure things that happen in a fraction of a second.

The photographs are taken at the almost incredible rate of 200,000 a minute, but they can be shown on the screen at the ordinary rate of sixteen or twenty a minute. Thus the motion of a projectile leaving the muzzle of a gun can be photographed in a hundredth of a second, and depicted on the screen so slowly that it takes a hundred seconds, or ten thousand times as long.

The most rapid motions can thus be made to appear quite slow, and highly important lessons can be learnt from this novel method of photography. The exposure for each photograph is about one-thirtieth part of a second, which shows how extremely sensitive modern photographic films can be made.

GOOD NEWS ABOUT COAL

The Magnet in the Cinders

A new process is now in use for recovering fuel from cinders.

A hundred tons of coal used in a furnace leave about twenty tons of cinders, from which five tons of good coal fuel can be recovered by means of magnetism. The fuel contains sufficient iron to make it possible to extract it from the non-magnetic ash, and it is believed that millions of tons of fuel can be saved in this way.

BETTER STRAWBERRIES

How to Keep Them

The discovery has been made that ripe strawberries will keep in perfect condition for a whole week if stored at a temperature just above freezing point.

This should prove of great value in the coming strawberry season; and it will also enable those who have ice-safes at home to keep strawberries in better condition, as a few hours often suffices for fermentation to start.

THE HOUSE UNDER MINE

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF A HILLTOP

Letter from a Neighbour Eight Thousand Miles Away

C.N. GREETING FROM NEW ZEALAND

This breath of country air comes from a hilltop home in New Zealand to the Editor's hilltop in Kent.

It comes from a reader of My Magazine who has been reading "Little Treasure Island" and claims that his home is under the Editor's, 8000 miles down—or is it 4000 miles down and 1000 miles up?—so that he writes as a neighbour as well as a friend.

The writer is Mr. H. M. Smeeton, of Waitakerei, to whom we send our greetings.

I write because we are neighbours, our properties marching together in the middle of the earth. When you, in your book, claimed the whole 8000 miles under your house and grounds I felt indignant; but I was pleased to note that, in a spirit of justice, you later reduced the depth to 4000 miles; and there I meet you, for I feel sure, because of a spirit of affinity, that I am exactly beneath you.

My little plateau is 1200 feet above sea level and commands a view of great natural beauty and magnificence. It is completely surrounded by dense native bush, through which a private road, wide enough for motor traffic, winds delightfully beside a little creek and round spurs of the range, so that less than an hour is sufficient time to transport us from Auckland, 18 miles away, to this quiet place.

Our outlook is far-reaching. The isthmus lies below us like a map, with a large part of the city and its suburbs in view. How can I tell you of the indescribable beauties of the bush!

Land of Lovely Flowers

Ferns are in luxurious abundance, from the tiniest specimens imaginable to the great tree-fern, with its perfect umbrella-shaped top 40 feet high.

Our forest trees are very beautiful, and many of them carry lovely flowers as well as rich foliage. The crimson rata is in full bloom; the yellow kowhai has just shed its golden blossom and dressed itself in a feathery gown of light green; the ranjiora, loved of the honey bee; the bold flax, with its flower-stem often 10 feet high; and the white ti-tree, whose profuse starry flowers make the countryside look as if a shower of snow had fallen—these are some of our floral beauties in the north of New Zealand.

I have just cut a track down the hill to a kauri pine whose girth is over 25 feet above the bulge of the roots, and the stem rises, a perfect barrel, to the height of 60 to 70 feet before the first branch breaks its symmetry. This pine sheds its bark continuously, so it has few parasitic growths. Its leaf is small for so large a tree, and its cone tiny.

When Moses Went to School

These trees are of tremendous age, and the northern part of Auckland Province is the only part of the world where they grow. It is said that many of them were probably well-grown trees when Moses went to school in Egypt.

We can explore our forests without fear, for we have no snakes or dangerous wild animals, and the only poisonous insect is a tiny red spider found in sandy districts, and it is seldom troublesome.

The most beautiful bush songster is the tui, or parson bird, so called from a tuft of white feathers under its throat that relieves its otherwise black coat. Its note is liquid and bell-like, and is heard beautifully at dawn and sundown. Naturalists say the bird has over 300 different notes and tones.

THE CRICKET CHAMPIONS



H. S. Carter
New South Wales



W. W. Armstrong, Captain,
Victoria



J. M. Gregory
New South Wales



W. Oldfield
New South Wales



J. Ryder
Victoria



E. R. Mayne
Victoria



E. A. McDonald
Victoria



J. M. Taylor
New South Wales



A. A. Mailey
New South Wales



H. L. Hendry
New South Wales



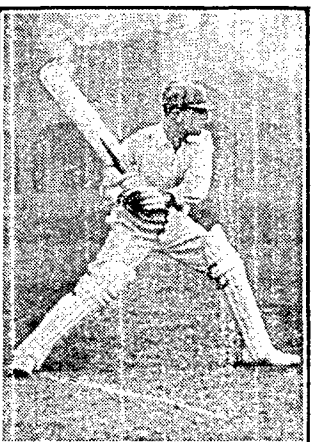
C. E. Pellew
S. Australia



T. J. E. Andrews
New South Wales



W. Bardsley
New South Wales



C. G. Macartney
New South Wales



H. L. Collins
New South Wales

These are the men who have come from the other side of the world to defend the Cricket Championship against the English team, which hopes to gain it for the Mother Country

BIG HOLE IN THE THAMES

WEAR AND TEAR OF THE WATERS

The Bed of the River and the Tower on its Banks

SOUNDEST OLD BUILDING IN ENGLAND

One of the subjects scientific men cannot agree about is whether the crust of the earth has been most changed by slow wearing or by violent tearing. Do rains and frosts and winds and waters, acting slowly, alter most the face of the earth? or is it scarred most by earthquakes and upheavals?

Lands sink and rise, but in our brief lives we see most change carried on by constant wearing. Old Father Thames, our chief English river, is just now giving a sample illustration.

As brooks and rivers will, he is churning a big hole in his bed at the foot of Shepperton Weir, and it will cost thousands of pounds to control him and stop the mischief.

A Weir in Danger

Already his swirling waters have scoured out a pool 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide, and 46 ft. deep, and if it is not filled up the weir will slide into it. So thousands of bags of concrete are to be used to fill it up.

This Shepperton pool is a sample of what a tamed and controlled river will do in a quiet way, and many of the world's waters never have been controlled, but wear courses for themselves unchecked.

Not all the secrets of Father Thames get into the papers. We have heard recently of the discovery of old foundations of a former bridge, but we believe a somewhat earlier discovery of the same sort was not published. A steamer, either because she got a little bit out of the normal course or because the tide was unusually low, touched something heavily in a place where deep water was supposed to lie.

Mark of the Jerry-BUILDER

An examination was thereupon made by divers, and it was found that when the existing bridge was built, more than a century ago, the constructor had something of the jerry-builder's instinct, and had not done his work completely. He had not fully demolished the foundations of the structure which he was supposed to improve out of existence. He had left part of the ancient works in position, and his treachery was not revealed for a century.

At first sight there might not seem any connection between the bed of the Thames and the Tower of London. Perhaps there is not, after all, but some little time ago the Tower authorities thought there was. Considerable work was being carried out by the Port of London Authority in the river bed near London Bridge, when suddenly there came an alarming note from the Tower to the effect that that historic building was being affected by the work. What was to be done about it?

The Best of Friends

The Port people thought there was nothing to fear. They did not believe that work in the river bed could affect the fabric of the Tower. A series of investigations followed, part of which took the form of comparison between the condition of the Tower and other ancient buildings in the country, and the upshot was that not only was the Port Authority proved right, but they proved that the condition of the historic tower is better and more stable than that of any other building of anything like its age in England, and probably in Europe.

So Thames and Tower remain the best of friends.

INVASION OF EUROPE LARGE AREA LAID WASTE IN SPAIN AND FRANCE

Great Armies of Millions Arrive
by Air

CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE ENEMY

Europe has been invaded by a vast army, numbering many millions, that has arrived by air from Africa.

The enemy has laid waste large tracts of country in Central Spain and Southern France, and destroyed the growing crops over scores of square miles, so that there will be no grain to harvest during the coming season. The condition of things is serious, and a great campaign is being organised by the Spanish and French Governments to destroy the foe completely next year.

This enemy, one section of which swept down upon sunny Spain while another section passed over into France, is the locust, which, as the Wise Man of the Bible said many hundreds of years ago, goes out by bands, and we are told that the sound of its wings, when it is accompanied by myriads of its relations, is "as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle."

March of the Myriads

The huge army of locusts from North Africa filled the air and, alighting in the neighbourhood of Saragossa, destroyed every vestige of green stuff in a few hours and left the whole district bare.

It is not without reason that an old Arab story makes the locusts address Mohammed in the words, "We are the army of the great God; we produce 99 eggs, and if the hundred were to be completed we should consume the earth."

The flying insects lay their eggs in the soil, and these hatch out in the following spring, and, though wingless, start marching in myriads, devouring all vegetation as they go. This wingless state corresponds with the caterpillar stage of a butterfly. Sometimes they march in such numbers as to make railways and roads impassable.

Stopping a Train

Just north of the Vaal River in South Africa, in 1892, an army of walking locusts swarmed so thickly on the railroad that an engine could not make its way through them.

In the present plague a train was stopped near Saragossa, the wheels skidding on myriads of winged pests; and it could only proceed after sand had been strewn on the rails.

The great army that flew over the Mediterranean and landed in the neighbourhood of Saragossa arrived suddenly and unexpectedly, and nothing could be done to avert the mischief for this year. But a great campaign is being organised by the Spanish Ministry of Agriculture, and a fierce war is to be waged against the wingless offspring when they hatch out.

Impassable screens will be erected to impede their march, and pits will be dug, into which they will fall and be destroyed.

Insects Cause a Famine

These locust invasions of Southern Europe occur from time to time. We have the record of one in Italy in the year 591, when such numbers were destroyed that the stench of their decaying bodies set up a pestilence that carried off nearly a million men and beasts. A famine was caused in Venetia in 1478 by locusts, and 30,000 people perished.

How many locusts there are in these vast swarms it is impossible to say, but they certainly number many millions. One such swarm in South Africa covered an area of nearly 2000 square miles, and when driven to the sea their bodies formed a bank on the shore 50 miles long and three or four feet high. The stench could be smelt 150 miles away.

How fortunate we are in England not to have these devastating plagues of locusts

See World Map

THE NELSON TOUCH A TALE OF MR. WHITLEY

How an Invalid Scholar Ran
for the Honour of His House

WHEN THE SPEAKER WAS A BOY

The First Commoner of the Realm, the new Speaker of the House of Commons, is Mr. Henry Whitley, as we have already seen. Here is a good story about him.

Nobody outside his immediate circle of friends ever thought of this earnest man testing his thews in fields in which Mr. Lowther, his predecessor, had excelled. But there is one man to whom the new Speaker is a great sportsman, and that man is Mr. J. M. Wilson, a former headmaster of Clifton College. To him the illustrious First Commoner remains Harry Whitley, a Clifton scholar in days when Mr. Wilson was king of the college. "I will show you the sort of stuff Harry Whitley is made of," says the veteran; and he does.

Boy Who Would Not Stop

In those old days, as now, there occurred the annual race—a terrific test—that Cliftonians call the Long Penpole, an eight miles hammer-and-tongs contest. Some 50 or more boys ran, every house stoutly championing its representative. In this particular year there was nobody to represent Harry Whitley's house but young Harry himself, and he was ill. Nobody was allowed to run without permission, but Harry was in the Sixth and not quite too ill to be absolutely forbidden to run, yet his Head tried to dissuade him from his attempt.

"It would be a disgrace to the house if nobody came in!" said the boy, meaning that someone must run the distance within a given time. He did run; and Mr. Wilson, convinced that it was wrong for the lad to do so, went out with a cab, taking a young master with him, to meet the competitors on their return run.

Whitley came labouring up the hill at Stoke Bishop "looking very bad," so his master ran by his side, imploring him to stop.

"You shan't stop me! I must come in!" cried the boy.

A Proud Headmaster

"We three ran side by side for some 50 yards more," says Mr. Wilson. "I then said to the master, 'He's done; take his arm!' and I took the other. Whitley hit me with his fist with all his remaining strength. 'You've no right, sir, to stop me!' he panted. The cab drove up. He had fainted before we got into it. We telegraphed for his mother, and had a most anxious night with him. But, thank God, he pulled through," concluded his proud old headmaster.

They may call Harry Whitley Puritan, but that spirit which his master describes was the spirit which made Hampden, Cromwell, and Admiral Blake what they were. Nelson was no Puritan, but it was his spirit shining forth again in this Puritan boy at Clifton College almost dying in a murderously long race rather than have his house dishonoured.

He may not gallop a floundering horse over hill and dale in pursuit of a fox which is running for life before a pack of hounds, but "he is a true sportsman, every inch of him," says the old scholar who taught him; and everybody admires a man whose sport is gained at the sole cost of his own comfort.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Drawing of Brighton by Fielding	£1497
Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds	£635
Louis XV inlaid table	£236
Louis XVI oval table	£184
A small Chinese dish	£162
Poynter's painting, Israel in Egypt	£105
Lock of Napoleon's hair	£32

CAN WE MAKE COAL A BACK NUMBER?

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO
DREAM ABOUT

Careers for Brainy Lads Who
Want to do Great Things

BETTER THAN AEROPLANES

Nine boys out of ten are mechanical. They love machinery. They all want to drive motor-cars and aeroplanes.

The other day a Boy Scout, aged thirteen, showed us an engine for making electricity which he had constructed out of odds and ends discarded by various engineers. He admitted that it might blow up; but he had made it, and so it was good.

Let the boys of England now dream of another science. The name is ugly, but its promises are as enchanting as a fairy tale. We speak of the science of hydro-electric energy, or electric power born of water. It is the fuel of the future.

Water Running to Waste

All the world except England is rushing into this new science. Other nations can neither afford our dear coal nor afford the uncertainty of our continuous coal strikes. If we had no coal we should be leading the world in this new science; it is the possession of coal in large measures which makes us so apathetic. And we have 1,000,000 horse-power in water running to waste.

Think what this means. Merely by tapping that water we might drive all our factory machinery and all our tram-cars and light all our streets and houses. We could do away with smoke. We could cut down our expenditure by millions of pounds. The water is there. All we have to do is to harness it to our daily life.

Not long ago the writer was in Norway, and an engineer said to him, "We are going to supply you with electric light and power from our Norwegian waters." What did he mean? How could the wonderful power of those Norwegian falls be transmitted to England across "the pea soup of the North Sea"? How can Norway dream of lighting our cities and driving our machinery?

Power by Wireless

The answer makes one jump. "We shall send you all the power you want," said this Scandinavian engineer, "by means of wireless. We are experimenting now. I can see no reason why the energy created here by our water should not be wireless to the British Isles."

However this may be, you will realise from his remark that there is a wonderful future before hydro-electric energy. It is a science in the cradle.

There is a State in America, 350 miles long and 280 miles wide, which is supplied with electricity from one river! That river saves the people 2,000,000 tons of coal every year—and it never strikes!

Up and Doing

It is said by an expert that 24 men can control 500,000 horse-power, an amount of energy which in coal is represented by the work of 12,000 miners. Is it surprising, he asks, that the more energetic and enterprising competitors of Britain, many of whom have been big purchasers of British coal, now regard coal as a "back number"?

When we hear this surely we should think. Coal a back number? Coal, a necessity of life, one of England's greatest sources of wealth, a back number? Well, let us be up and doing. The boy who invents a dynamo which will resist the action of salt water, and so can harness the tides of the ocean to our service, will be a great man.

In the meantime there is much fresh water in England running to waste. It is waiting for a man with an idea. To get that man we must rise from the coal-pit of apathy and direct our thoughts into a new channel.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY BOY PAINTER WHO WON WORLD FAME

Rollicking Storyteller

FRIEND OF THE CHIMNEY SWEEPS

May 29. Empress Josephine died, Malmaison 1814
30. Peter Paul Rubens died at Antwerp . . . 1640
31. Walt Whitman born on Long Island . . . 1819
June 1. Charles Lever died at Trieste . . . 1872
2. Garibaldi died at Caprera . . . 1882
3. Sydney Smith, born at Woodford . . . 1771
4. George III born in London . . . 1738

Rubens

PETER PAUL RUBENS, the greatest of the Flemish painters, is associated popularly with Antwerp, but his paintings, of which there are many hundreds, are scattered over all the chief picture galleries of Europe. Fifteen are in our National Gallery.

Rubens began to study painting when he was thirteen years old. He went to Italy, and then to Spain, where he met the great Spanish painter Velasquez. He was welcomed later in France and England.

During his journeyings he acted, not only as a painter, but as an ambassador, arranging the peace of nations.

His pictures, often of religious subjects, were sometimes vast in size and decorative in character. He had great vigour in execution rather than delicacy. He was twice married, and included many times his beautiful wives as characters in his magnificent compositions. The most notable of his pictures, "The Descent from the Cross," is in Antwerp Cathedral.

Charles Lever

CHARLES LEVER, the author of Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley, and other rollicking novels, many of them picturing military life, was a merry Englishman born in Ireland who lived in the spirit of his lively books.

By profession he was a doctor, and after varied travels, that included dangerous experiences among Red Indians, he settled in Brussels, where he picked up his military knowledge from old Peninsular officers, and mixed it with fun in his books.

For a time his novels were very popular; but he spent his money more easily than he made it till he was appointed a consul at various Italian towns. That is how he came to Trieste, where he died.

It has been said that Lever's pictures of Irish life are not true to the national character. Still, they represented the kind of merry life in which he shone as a genial fellow, a kind of life that, to a large extent, has faded out, and was never true of the mass of the Irish people.

Sydney Smith

SYDNEY SMITH, who finished his life as a canon of St. Paul's, was too outspoken and cleverly humorous to attain higher rank in the Church; but he was a very useful writer on public affairs, and a welcome member of the cleverest social circles of his day.

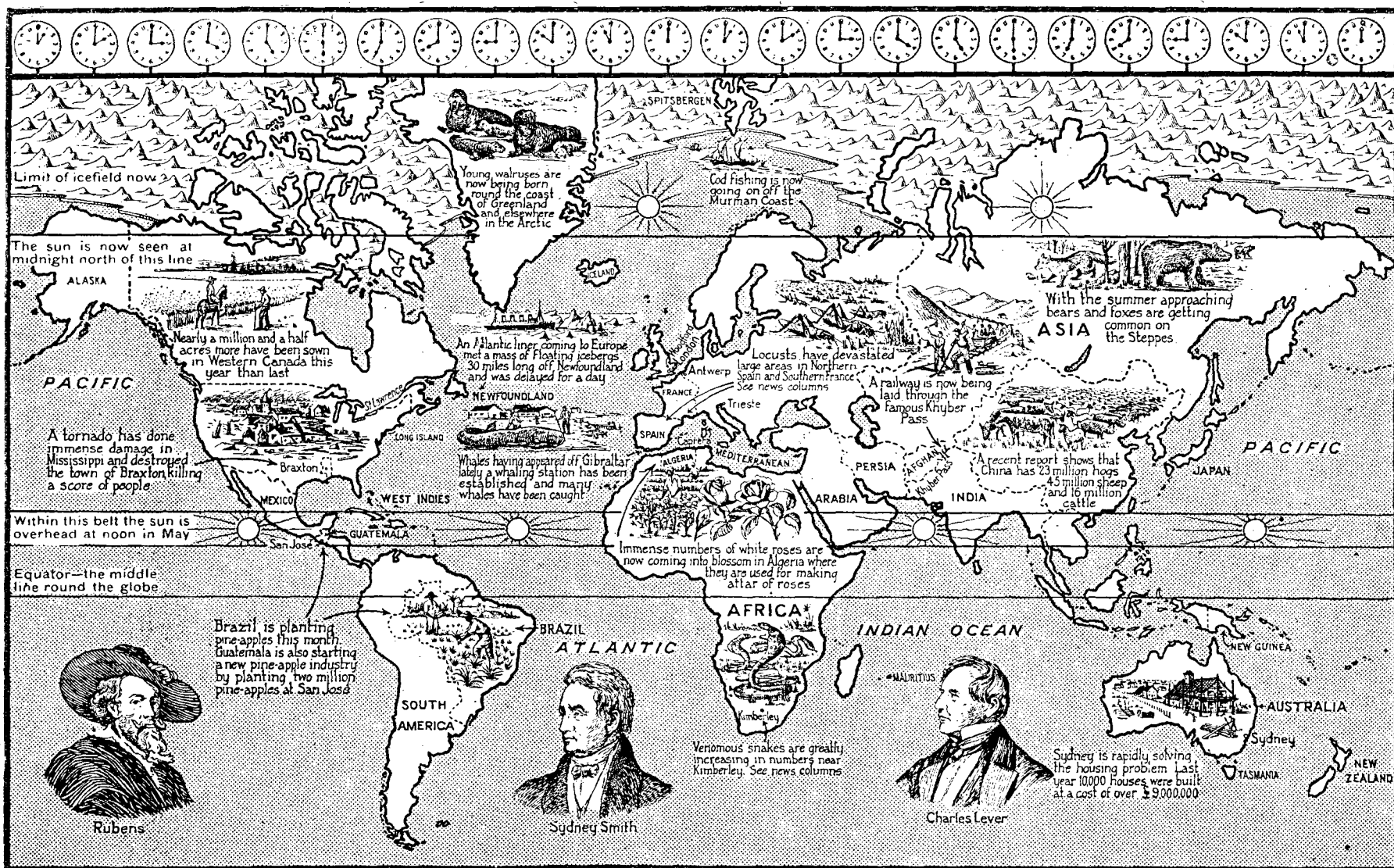
Before he became a clergyman he had had the best of educations, being head boy at Winchester and the winner of an Oxford fellowship. Later, he was one of the few Englishmen who have held their own in the selectest intellectual society of Edinburgh, where he helped to found the Edinburgh Review.

Wherever he went he conquered by his personal charm.

But he was known as a writer with a rather caustic pen and more advanced views than the average, so he had to be content with remaining a highly popular social figure and a humorous coiner of clever sayings, such as his suggestion for the wood paving around St. Paul's that "the Dean and Chapter should lay their heads together."

One humane reform that was largely due to the biting power of his pen was the prohibition of the cruel work of chimney-sweep boys.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SECRETS OF A BELFRY TOWER

Reynard's Bld for Sanctuary

The belfry of the Lincolnshire church of Low Paynton had long been thickly surrounded by clustering ivy, which was lately thinned by workmen, when in its sheltered seclusion two animal secrets were discovered.

The first told of a tragedy. It was the dead body of a fox, entangled in the ivy, with a wire snare encircling the body.

What had happened could only be guessed. Apparently, poor Reynard had been trapped in a snare, but by his struggles had broken the snare loose from its attachment to the hedge in which it was set. Then, unable to free himself from the wire noose, he had rushed away to the climbable ivy tower, which he knew of as a refuge, but there the entangling fibres of the ivy had helped the snare again to hold him captive, and this time there was no escape for him.

The second secret incident of animal life was the family nest, in the ivy, of a mother cat and her kittens. She, doubtless, was familiar with the place as one where she had caught many a sparrow fast asleep.

SEEING THROUGH YOUR BOOTS

Science in the Shop

The business energy of our friend Daniel Neal, the well-known boot and shoe specialist of Kensington High Street and other London quarters, has found a new use for the X-ray apparatus.

The customer puts on the new boots, and, standing on an aluminium plate fitted to an aperture low down in a large box over an X-ray machine, looks down into the box, and there sees the bones of his own feet fitting into the new shoes.

It is the bones that shape the feet and cause pinching; and here you can see them doing or not doing it.

So the up-to-date shoe shop becomes not only a place of business, but of scientific instruction, and even amusement.

STUPENDOUS ICEBERGS

Drifting from the Arctic

The greatest of all ocean tragedies, the loss of the Titanic—which sank by striking a submerged iceberg when she was on her first voyage—has been recalled to mind by the prevalence during the present month of huge bergs in the Atlantic.

The Cunarder Saxonia on one of her homeward voyages was obliged to steam slowly past huge icefields and bergs drifting down from the Arctic Ocean. At times she had to come to a dead stop.

One icefield was thirty miles long, and some of the icebergs towered up to a height of nearly 300 feet.

These icy masses slowly dissolve as they reach the warmer water. They can be detected by the lowering of the sea's temperature around them before they can be seen.

See World Map

ASLEEP FOR YEARS

Man Who Awoke for a Yawn

According to a telegram from Fort Smith, Arkansas, a patient who has been asleep in the county hospital there for nearly three years awoke not long ago, yawned, and went back to sleep.

The nurse attending him states that he did not speak, but that he was certainly awake. This man entered the hospital in 1914, supposed to be suffering from pellagra, and in 1918 fell into his very extended sleep. He has been fed through a tube and has not lost weight.

LITTLE LEGS

Help for Them at the Piano

Children learning the piano often cannot reach the pedals with their feet. A new device has been made in the form of a light metal pedal which can be easily fixed on the actual piano pedal, reaching several inches above it, so that little legs can do the work of grown-up ones.

FREE RIDES TO SCHOOL

And Lessons by Post

A correspondent in New Zealand points out that the plan of sending out brakes to bring children to school in some thinly-peopled English districts has long been in use in New Zealand, where, also, every child living a certain distance from school, but near a railway, has a free daily pass on the railway to and from school.

Our friend adds that the Education Department of Victoria, Australia, is making arrangements for teaching its children in very remote places, or invalid children who cannot reach the schools, by a system of correspondence.

Teachers in out-of-the-way places are also being helped to improve their scholastic qualifications by a State system of correspondence. Clearly the Pacific commonwealths are wide awake to the value of education.

MARSHAL OF FRANCE

Honour for a Dead General

The name of General Gallieni has been added to the list of Marshals of France.

The general was a veteran of the war of 1870, when Germany wrested Alsace-Lorraine from France and paved the way for the Great War of Europe. He lived to be 66, and to see Alsace set free.

He was Military Governor of Paris during the war, and by his sternness and courage saved the capital from falling under the German guns. In the story of the Battle of the Marne, in 1914, General Gallieni is usually called the Saviour of Paris.

He was emphatic in ordering the stopping of all alcohol among the Paris troops under his command, and at the desperate moment it was he who commanded the taxis of Paris and rushed out these troops to assist in the decisive rout of the enemy on the Marne.

VICTORY FOR THE BIRDS

Parliament & the Plumage Bill

The hearts of millions of people will be lightened by the news that the Plumage Bill, for limiting the slaughter of beautiful birds for the so-called decoration of women's hats, will, by the agreement of men in Parliament, pass into law during the present session.

At last, after many years, the opposition to the Bill by a small knot of members has been relaxed, and a great scandal is likely to be ended. One of the saddest features of modern life has been the persistence of women in wearing decorations won by cruelty, and now there is a good hope that the habit will be checked by law.

There may be slips and loopholes in the law, but we think that Mr. Trevelyan Thompson, who has fought this question finely in Parliament, may be trusted to make this victory for humanity complete at last.

THE SHAPE OF WORDS

Ingenious French Invention

A French invention, called the Lioret-graph, from the name of the inventor, M. Lioret, is now being tested in England by students of sound as expressed in speech.

A spoken sound makes vibrations in the air which take a shape, each sound having its own shape. These shapes are recorded by the instrument in a line on paper, and the different effects can be enlarged for easier study. The principle of the record is similar to that of the phonograph.

It is claimed that by this instrument the shape of all words in the air may be recorded for reference, so that any language, known or unknown, may be recorded mechanically by its succession of sounds, and so become visible, thus linking sound and sight in a new way.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

MAY 28 1921

A New Idea at Last

HERE is a new idea at last, something to set you thinking and arguing, and wondering whether the world it promises is possible. You know that men in professions rather look down on people in trade. How did that feeling arise? It may be snobbish now, but how did it arise?

That feeling of men in the Services had its rise in the *knowledge of service*. When a soldier found a recruit doing anything dishonourable he would say, "We don't do that in the Service." If a sailor found a midshipman behaving badly he would say, "We don't do that in the Service." To serve the nation, not to see what you could get out of it—that was the fine life.

Now, this brings us to the new idea. A bold thinker has written a book in which he suggests that we should lift trade to the same level as the Services and the professions. Just as the doctor and the solicitor belong to societies which impose strict rules upon the conduct of their members so should the builder, the bootmaker, and the chemist have definite codes of honour.

He suggests that trade and industry should not be carried on only for gain, but that their first object should be service. A bootmaker should not think how he can make a fortune out of the community by selling boots made of brown paper, but of how he can serve his brother men with the best leather boots in the world. The Bootmaking Service should expel a bad bootmaker just as the Solicitors' Society strikes a fraudulent solicitor off its roll. Paper boots should not be possible.

Could we not change the world by getting this spirit into the vast body of our trade organisation?

Trade has been looked down upon and despised because its history is often smirched with selfishness, but trade is really a splendid thing, and those who conduct it have the power to make it as splendid as the profession of a doctor, an architect, and a lawyer. At present the test of success in trade is wealth—the worst test in the world. There is no reason why a tradesman should not grow rich, but the worth of his riches should be judged by his service to the community.

What a new world it would be if we could all believe that! And it is not impossible. Indeed, it is easy. If every trade and industry had its rules of conduct the cheat could not seize an advantage against the honest man. Honesty would compete with honesty for the custom of mankind, and fraud would cease.

Does it not occur to you that this word *service* is the key to a better world?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



You Never Know

THAT is a good story from Cork.

An old lady visiting the prison was stopped at the gate by an officer, who, thinking her some prisoner's mother, inquired rather freely:

"Well, old Corkey, and who are you?"

The lady handed him a card with "Mrs. Despard" on, and said quietly: "I am the sister of the Viceroy."

It is just as well to be polite.

Saving

MEMBERS of Parliament are beginning to save at last. Parliament is proposing to take off the income tax—for Members of Parliament only.

The Power and Glory

WELCOME to the great Ambassador America has sent us in Colonel Harvey. The whole English-speaking race must thrill with new hope in reading the Ambassador's farewell speech in New York before he sailed.

The genius of President Harding, he said, is destined to draw the entire English-speaking race into a union so nearly perfect, both materially and spiritually, that all mankind would realise in the near future that there is more power and glory in "Lead, Kindly Light" than in all the fighting anthems of the world.

Is that not beautiful? Is it not true? We cannot help printing those lovely words of Cardinal Newman that have been sung wherever the kindly light of the sun falls on the earth.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I WAS not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

For the Birds

THERE is a little Bill before Parliament to stop the meanest sport on earth—the shooting of captive birds—and a supporter of this mean cruelty, in opposing the Bill, declared that he really did not know what a sportsman was. He doesn't!

How Sad It Is

YOU can buy an Iron Cross in London for about five shillings. We seem to remember a glittering emperor who used to give them out with all the pomp and pageantry of splendid things. It must make him sad to think that two half-crowns will buy them now.

Master Optimist

WE like the little son of the Dean of St. Paul's.

It is the business of Dean Inge to fill us all with gloom lest our faith in God and Man and England and the Future should cheer us up too much. But Master Inge, aged six, is going to be an optimist. "I'm not going to be what Daddy is," he says. "I want to do some real work."

We quite agree. Old men may pull long faces, but youth looks out into the future with a fervent faith that all is well.

Our greetings to Master Inge the Optimist. We hope his father will cheer up.

Tip-Cat

A MILLINER tells us we can read a woman's character in her dress. Only if she is wearing print.

How to mark time: Keep a minute book.

GERMANY would be more successful if she let money do some of the talking.

"NEWSPAPERS are a necessity," says Judge Parry. That explains the contents of some of them, for necessity is the mother of invention.

ONE of the Kaiser's sons has gone into a bank. We hope it isn't ours.

PARTS of speech: Broken English.

COAL has been found in the Isle of Man. More trouble!

MR. SELFRIDGE warns the nobility that in one or two generations they will be forced to go to work. There will be no choice for them, but they will be allowed to take their pick.

PETER PUCK on the Human Race: A Dead Heat—The Coal Trade.

A TRADE report says the whole world has stopped buying at once. Surely we have not all got all we want?

GOOGLY

KAISER, thou should'st be here. Our wickets fall.

England hath need of thee. Her summer wrist

No longer gets true work upon the ball. She lacks thy vanished power, a Mailey fist.

Clever

THEY may be unscientific, but no one can say our M.P.s are not clever. It seems that for years they have insisted on paying a shilling for a lunch that cost the country 3s. 6d.

It must have been a consolation to them to believe they were worth it.

Should I Leave My Native Land?

By a British Workman

WE are moved to print this letter from a grown-up reader living in Manchester:

DEAR SIR, In this week's C.N. you give a report of a number of men who went to Peru to improve their positions and have returned disappointed.

You seem to blame those men for leaving England, but the writer of this letter would gladly leave it, for he feels that he could do no worse anywhere than he has done here.

Would you be surprised to know that there is at least one man in this country who has worked hard (sometimes night and day), who neither drinks nor gambles and seldom smokes, who has studied to improve his position, and yet, at 46 years, has not five pounds to his credit, and his only wealth besides his children is the family furniture and a little library that he has collected?

That man is a lover of Nature, and believes with Lord Avebury that the world we live in is a fairyland of exquisite beauty; and yet he is doomed to be penned up in a smoky city, with no hope even of a few days' holiday.

That man has made several attempts to get out of those hideous conditions, but has so far failed. He is a native of the town he lives in, and a good citizen. He rises at six, except when he is off work through slackness, when he rises at seven, so that he can hardly be accused of laziness.

When you remember that this man, a life teetotaller and a hard worker, has struggled and worked for over forty years, has not five pounds of his own, has to live in a slum, cannot buy a new suit or go for a holiday—would you be surprised if he wished to leave this country? Could he do worse in Peru?

Sadden the heart as it must to read such things, does it not gladden us to feel that the time can never be again when men will give their labour for wages that will not buy comfort and leisure and freedom from the fear of poverty? However wages fall with prices, they will not be allowed to fall below the standard of health and comfort and security.

Our friend has his children, the most precious possessions in this world; he has the power of loving Nature, the richest gift a man can have; and he has in front of him, when these troubled days are over, a future that will give him a wider opportunity, a greater margin for a rainy day.

We do not believe in good men leaving England. We believe that character will tell more and more in the years to come, and that, as a man has the reward of life in the joy he draws from Nature, the consciousness of work well done, so there is coming fast the time when every man will have a fair reward for his labour.

We believe that, however hard the present is, it is hard throughout the world; and it is vain to seek relief in other lands. What we have to do is to bring back goodwill among all men at home, and hasten the time when all shall take their share of the peace and prosperity of our native land.



GERMANY PAYS THE PRICE

FACE TO FACE WITH BITTER TRUTH

Parliament in Berlin Surrenders
to the Justice of the Allies

SIX THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED
MILLION POUNDS

The members of the German parliament were said to be depressed when, at the eleventh hour, before worse befell them, they were obliged to face fairly a just share of the cost of their country's wrong-doing.

But if they were depressed by this simple act of justice, the minds of all men throughout the rest of the world were intensely relieved by it. For it was a great and solemn sign that sin on a national scale comes home at last and has to be redeemed.

The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

From them there is no escape. The world has stood by and has seen the truth of that natural law, and its heart is lightened by the spectacle.

Of course, Germany has not promised to pay the cost of the war she made. That can never be paid. The millions of lives lost are priceless. The anguish suffered is inextinguishable. The dislocation of the world's work is still with us. Every nation concerned in the war, except perhaps the United States, is burdened with debts it must owe for many years.

War has passed over the whole world like a blight, and its effects remain, and will remain, a tragic lesson. No magician's wand, in Germany or elsewhere, can ever conjure it away.

The Cost of the War

But some share of her wrong-doing she is paying for, as far as it can be cancelled by money; and in the aggregate it probably amounts to all she can afford to pay. Let us see what it is that she pays.

The costs she is pledged to pay during the coming years are not the costs of the war incurred by other nations, but merely of the damage she has done. Those damages reach the enormous total of 6600 millions of money.

That sum, of course, she could not possibly pay at once. Many years must pass before she can be free from this acknowledged debt, yet it is only about one-sixth of what she and the other nations spent on the war. Probably the total cost was 40,000 millions of pounds. Out of this unthinkable sum Germany owes all her own war costs and the 6600 millions besides. Also she loses her overseas empire, of which she proved unworthy, and she loses, of course, the provinces she wrenched from France in the war fifty years ago, whatever their value to her may have been.

Right and Might

It is a staggering liability, following other vast expenses and losses, but it is an absolutely just claim for cruel damage, wilfully inflicted, during a war ambitiously planned and brutally conducted, under the evil belief that Might knows no Right except itself.

And now Germany stands before the world bowing down to the Right that is greater than her vaunted Might. Her surrender, though long delayed and only won at last by stern threats of punishment, is the formal acknowledgment before all mankind that war, from every point of view, is a monstrous failure, bringing suffering to all, but laying the heaviest burden on its guilty promoters.

That this great moral conclusion should be reached and solemnly realised in the German parliament strengthens afresh all that is good and hopeful in humanity, and is at once a warning and an inspiration.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

English money has now been adopted by the Channel Islands of Guernsey, Sark, and Herm.

A Useful Cat

A man's life was saved at Northchurch, near Berkhamsted, by his cat, which woke him when the house was on fire.

The Jews of New York

There are a million and a half Jews in New York, as many as in all the rest of the United States, and a tenth of all the Jews in the world.

The Lady Awoke

In a motor accident at South Kensington two men were flung from a car through a lady's bedroom window. The lady woke up with the shock.

A postcard posted in Northampton 12 years ago has only just been delivered in London.

Coal in the Isle of Man

Coal has just been discovered in the Isle of Man, which up to the present has had to import every ounce it has used.

Wireless on Railways

Experiments are being made on the Midland and London & North Western Railways with the use of wireless in railway work.

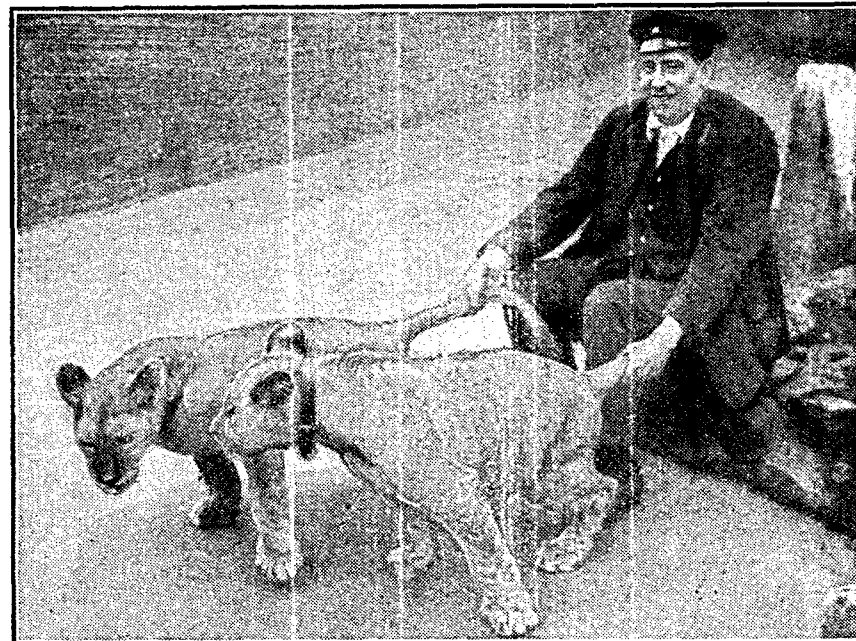
The Swiftiness of Birds

An Ilford reader records pigeon paces he has known. One bird flew 51 miles an hour; and another he knew of covered 122 miles in 2 hours and 4 minutes.

HAPPY ANIMALS AT THE ZOO



The elephant having a scrub down with soap and water



Two new lion cubs from Somaliland playing at tug-of-war with their keeper

The animals at the London Zoo seem to enjoy life immensely, and these pictures show two examples of the fun they have. Elephants are never happier than when enjoying a bath or a wash and brush-up. They are essentially clean animals

DISASTROUS EFFECT OF THE COAL CRISIS

WHATEVER view may be taken of the causes of the stoppage of the coal-mines, it is certain that the effect has been disastrous to British trade.

Uncertainty reigned. No one bought anything except what must be bought. The unemployed increased to millions. The April figures that show the value of British trade sank most seriously, and the May figures are likely to be worse.

Every day in April the country exported £369,759 less value of goods than during March, and nearly £7,000,000 less for the month—part of this fall, however, being due to a fall in prices.

The value of coal exported during the month sank by £2,972,000; the export of cotton goods decreased by over £4,000,000. Imports decreased in value

by nearly £3,750,000. Here is a comparison between the first four months of the present year and the first four months of last year which is even more striking.

Last year imports were	£696,929,039
This year imports were	£397,508,794
Decrease	£299,420,245
Last year exports were	£401,795,112
This year exports were	£287,654,371
Decrease	£114,140,741

Such figures long continued will mean that the country is on the road to certain ruin through the stoppage of all kinds of work, and it is the poor who will suffer first and most.

OLD MORTALITY STONE PORTRAIT AND ITS STORY

A Carver of Kings' Statues
Before Jesus was Born

NEW TREASURE FOR THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

An intensely interesting statue has just been added to the British Museum. It is the carved limestone representation of a man who lived and toiled in Egypt 600 years before the birth of Jesus. Its value does not arise from its merit in art, but it seems to possess a genuine human interest from the story it reveals.

Here we have a memorial of the innocent vanity of a man who thought himself as well worth remembering as the kings for whom he wrought. The inscription he carved on the figure tells us who he was. He lived and worked in a cemetery. He was the official sculptor and monumental mason for the royal cemetery in Egypt during the inglorious days of the Psammetichus kings. His task was to keep living the memory of the dead.

Man Who Carved His Own Statue

Scott wove one of the best of his novels about a strange old Scotsman who consecrated his life to keeping clean and presentable and recognisable the gravestones of the humble Covenanters; but our Egyptian had commerce only with kings.

He calls himself "priest of the statues of the King of the South and North, Psammetichus the ever living," and "sculptor of the place of the divine who are there," which scholars interpret as meaning the official post already described. Probably he never did any work for his royal masters as fine as this of himself. The face is a masterpiece of life and sensibility. "Behold my features as they actually were," it seems to say.

An Age of Bad Art

That face is his signature, as it were, and Egyptologists declare that precisely the same type of face and figure is to be seen about the Pyramids any day at the present time.

But our vain old friend, so much more real to us than his kings of 25 centuries ago, was born into an era of very bad art; and he knew it. His face he could carve superbly, but for the figure he had no skill, no modern model. So he went back to examples of Egypt's great days in sculpture, and tried to model his statue in the fashion of 3000 years earlier. But he could not recapture the lost art. He copied badly.

The legs are huge and unshapely, the feet dropical, the toes disproportionate and widespread like the fingers of a hedge-clipper's leather gloves.

The Old and the New

He lived in one of the periods in which sculpture had sunk almost to a forgotten art. Yet there is this astonishing thing to be noted: those unsightly, wooden-like legs and feet, carved in that benighted age 2500 years ago, resemble quite startlingly the legs and feet wrought by some modern European sculptors, in whom certain people profess to see grace, majesty, beauty, and poetry.

We know that this old copying Egyptian was a clumsy sculptor in important details of his work, that he lived in an age when art was debased and dying; yet the same sort of work is being done today in Europe, and is called high art!

Egypt's Old Mortality was a better man than his kings, and he knew it. We welcome him in stone to London. His face ranks with the best; his grotesque limbs rank with the newest!

THE LION AFRAID RUNNING AWAY FROM A BICYCLE BELL

The Power of Curiosity Strong
in Animals

MAN'S WALK BY NIGHT WITH LIONS

Is the lion in his native wilds a bold, bad animal, or is he easily scared by what he does not understand?

The answer is that unless he is very hungry, or roused to resistance by attack, he is not ferociously aggressive.

Most animals of prey are bold when hungry and if closely attacked are brave, and the lion is terrible under these circumstances, because of his strength. But he is far from being as bloodthirsty a hunter as the average sportsman.

The timidity of the average lion has been recently well advertised by Lord Buxton, the late Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. To him the king of beasts is a timid fellow who, if he chances to get in your way on a high-road where you are bicycling, will turn tail and disappear into the seclusion of the nearest copse if you ring your bicycle bell vigorously enough.

Round the Camp Fire

All animals are first alertly suspicious of unfamiliar sights and sounds, and then curious, and they only become dangerous when they feel that danger threatens them. Curiosity is a much more prevalent feeling among them than angry resentment. Probably the most dangerous beast in the world is a surly English bull.

A true story will illustrate both the curiosity and the unaggressiveness of the African lion.

Round a traders' camp fire in South Africa, thirty years ago, several men were seated at night, while the roaring of lions resounded all around, and the talk turned on the dangers of attack.

In the circle was an Englishman whose life was being spent in that distant region, and he said there was no danger. The others doubted his opinion, but he offered to back it up by a wager.

The Wand by the Lake

The stake was a pound of ostrich feathers of the most valuable kind; and for that stake he offered to walk out unarmed into the darkness as far as a lake several miles away.

A wand—or slender rod—was peeled, and, carrying it, he set out. In a couple of hours he returned without the wand.

Next morning the party trekked to the lake where the bold adventurer had set up the wand by the water's edge.

Alongside his lonely night track could be clearly traced the footprints of lions that had followed him the night before with harmless curiosity.

He had won a double triumph. The pound of ostrich feathers was his, and he had proved his opinion sound. It was one who sat in the circle round the camp fire who told the writer this story.

VAST SAVING OF LIFE Two Million People Saved from Fever

A well-known doctor has been lecturing to the Medical Society of London on the saving of life by the campaign against typhus and typhoid. Typhus has been extinct in this country for thirty or forty years, and typhoid is fast being conquered.

Before Parliament took any preventive measures against these diseases they cost nearly 20,000 deaths every year in this country, and altogether the saving of life by the conquest of typhus and typhoid has been astonishing. It is said that more than two million lives have been saved in the last half century.

That is a dramatic answer to those people who would hamper and hinder medical science in its work for mankind.

King Who Became a Great Hero HOW ALFRED SAVED HIS COUNTRY

Wise Ruler Who Founded Schools and Industries
and Made England a Land of Peace and Prosperity

THE STORY OF THE BURNT CAKES

A Book that is Being Read Now

Alfred the Great. By Beatrice Adelaide Lees. Heroes of the Nations Series (Putnam)

We all think we know the life of Alfred, the great English King of Wessex, yet here is another life of him, this time by a lady; and it is a book that needed writing just as it has been written.

In her imagination the writer has pictured him with admiration, but she has not exaggerated either his personal qualities or his services to his country. So the impression she makes is deeply convincing, for it is clear she is earnestly bent on finding the truth about a king whose first aim was truth-speaking.

The Coming of the Northmen

In her book we see how Alfred grew up as a boy overshadowed by a great fear—the coming of the fierce and cruel heathen Northmen, who were over-running the Christianised world of Western Europe.

Yet the boy's life had much in it to make him bright and happy. He was moving about constantly from place to place belonging to his father the king, in the pleasantest regions of Southern England; and so learned early to love his own land.

While quite a child, too, he travelled far—even to Rome, where the Pope received him with special favour, and to the French Court, so that he saw all the best that was to be seen in Christendom.

Clearly he was a fine lad, though from the point of view of health he was never strong. Asser, the Welsh Bishop of Sherborne, who spent much time at court, describes him as beloved by all, with beauty of form and face, and charm in speech and manner.

Great King's Wise Rule

As he grew older the joy of learning was appreciated by him. To be a sound scholar was to him not a task but a pleasure.

Nor was he in the least a milksop. He became skilled in arms and in sports, and in times when war was a sacred duty he developed into the best general of his age—in fact, the only one who was able to preserve his land from destruction by the heathen invader.

When he began to reign, at the age of 23, Alfred had seen changes enough to make him thoughtful. When he was ten his father Ethelwulf died, and in the next thirteen years all his three older brothers reigned and died—

Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred—and during the five years' reign of Ethelred Alfred was helping actively in the government of the kingdom.

Early in his reign Alfred set himself the task of arranging beforehand the defence of his kingdom, first by land and later by both land and sea, and though, of course, there were raids occasionally, for the Northmen made sudden raids everywhere, there was only one serious break-through.

That was the time that has been used by the tale-tellers of later ages to embellish the life-story of this truly heroic king with adventures which have passed into the literatures of all the world—the homely yarn about the cakes that were burned, and the daring deed of entering the Northmen's camp as a minstrel spy.

The True Story of Alfred's Life

These stories were probably made up in later centuries about a king who was so much admired that his fame remained a common topic long after the details of his life were forgotten. Alfred may have had the adventures attributed to him, but they do not fit in with what is certainly known of his life.

Though the Northmen once burst over Wessex, and for a short time dispersed Alfred's army through a surprise, their success was quickly checked, and they did not ravage the country throughout or make the king a homeless and hunted fugitive. He fell back to a defensive position till he could rally his army from the wide districts untouched by the foe.

A Monarch Who Loved Learning

Of course, a large part of the book is occupied by telling of Alfred's great work as a statesman-king.

We hear how he published the laws of the land, old and new, and taught his people to obey them; how he translated useful books, established schools at his court, and revived learning in the monasteries; promoted skilled industries, and made his native land a quiet haven of prosperity and rest.

The records of the life of this greatest of the early English kings, if not the greatest who ever wore an English crown, are fragmentary, and have to be judged with great care; and it is curious that the time when he finished his splendid and useful life should be unknown, though his own and all succeeding generations have held him in reverence.

HOW A RICH MAN HELPS THE POOR

ONE of the sayings of Jesus too often forgotten—a saying recorded by Paul but not found in the Gospels—is that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

That fine sense of joy must surely be known to Sir Ernest Cassel, whose gifts for public purposes, chiefly in relief of human suffering, are growing to vast proportions.

The latest gift is marked by deep thoughtfulness. One of the special difficulties of our too-busy lives is the number of nervous breakdowns occurring among workers who use their minds rather than their physical

strength. Skilful treatment of such cases is necessarily expensive, and suitable hospitals are few.

Sir Edward Cassel has observed the need for these hospitals, and, by a gift of £225,000, is providing one for 60 patients at Penshurst, the beautiful home of Sir Philip Sidney, in Kent.

This generous gift will provide the hospital and assist in its upkeep, but the patients—who are generally of the class known as the New Poor—will be required to contribute something toward their own maintenance, as, indeed, many can do, though they are often not able to pay all their expenses.

TRAVEL BY THE FINGER-TIPS

New Idea of Pictures for
the Blind

THE WONDERS OF TOUCH

The splendid work done for the blind by St. Dunstan's, keeps expanding in new directions. The latest development is a picture-book for the sightless.

By the use of embossed dots, after the manner of books read by the blind, any picture can now be produced in such a way that the trained blind man can read it by finger-touch just as clearly as those who have eyesight can read it from the level page.

Of course, understanding does not come as swiftly and broadly by touch as by sight, but it extends to practically every detail that can be expressed in form. Architecture and natural history are particularly suitable for reading by touch, and a book of travel pictures for the finger-tips has now been prepared.

Among the erections pictured in this book for the blind, exhibited at the Printing Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, were Eleanor's Cross in front of Charing Cross Station in London, the Rialto Bridge in Venice, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Great Wall of China.

The aim of the instructors of the blind, to enable them to live the life lived by those who have sight and to enjoy similar pleasures of all kinds, is being more fully attained as every year passes, and the addition of pictures to the store of pleasures the blind may enjoy is one of the greatest of the victories won.

LIVING IN A BOTTLE One Way of Getting a Home

We have heard of the old woman who lived in a shoe, but there is a family who spend their summers in an even stranger dwelling—a huge bottle, built of wood, and as high as six tall men!

This novel house has three storeys connected by a spiral ladder; on the first floor is a cosy, round dining-room, and on the others are bedrooms. All have curved windows.

The bottle house is fitted with electric light and a telephone, and, though formerly an advertisement for a beverage, is now an "attractive modern residence."

THE BOLD, BAD SNAKE A Plucky Boy's Adventure

An Australian reader sends us a story which he thinks expresses the spirit of the country—particularly its natural boldness.

A small boy of five years of age killed with an axe handle, in his father's cellar, a snake six feet long.

The father pointed out to the child the danger he had run, and got the answer, "But, Dad, he poked out his two tongues at me, and I wouldn't stand that!"

TALLER GIRLS

Today and Sixty Years Ago

Schoolgirls are growing taller. College life is leading to a healthier generation of girls, as shown by statistics made by the director of Physical Education at Pennsylvania University.

The average college girl of today is one inch taller and weighs six to seven pounds more than the college girl of sixty years ago.

A CHEMIST'S IDEA No More Burnt Tablecloths

Many a tablecloth is burnt through paper or silk candle-shades, catching fire and falling alight upon the table.

An English chemist has now invented a new material for making candle-shades which will not burn. It can be painted or printed upon, like paper or silk, but it cannot be made to take fire.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Caddis-Fly's Strange Raft

QUAILS BUILDING THEIR NESTS

By Our Country Correspondent

May 29. The harsh, nasal krake-krake of the landrail, or cornrake, is now a familiar sound in the countryside, as is also the piping click-click-click of the quail. Both birds, unfortunately, are more often seen at the poulterer's shop than in the wild. Their nests, which they are already building, are very scanty structures, the quail's consisting of a few dead leaves and grasses, and the landrail's of the same material, though more skillfully arranged.

May 30. Just now, by carefully watching a pond or pool, we may see the larva of the caddis-fly making its curious portable home, or raft. No better description can be given than Charles Kingsley's: "One would begin with some pebbles, and then she would stick on a piece of green weed, and then she found a shell and stuck it on too; and then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, and then a very small stone, and so on until she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat."

May 31. The spotted flycatcher, the little drab bird you so often see alone on fences and posts, has made its nest of leaves and moss and hair, and is now laying four or five greyish-white eggs speckled with orange brown. We shall soon see a little family.

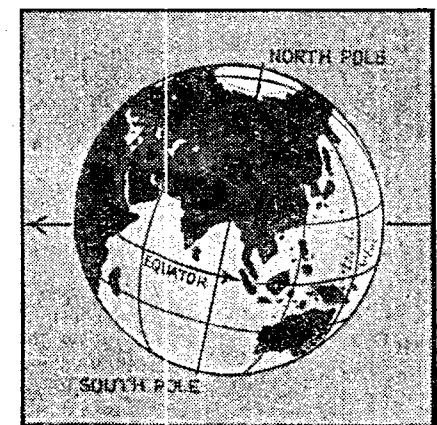
June 1. In those rare districts where the swallow-tail butterfly still thrives it may now be seen on the wing. In less favoured parts, among fresh butterflies now appearing is the common blue. The puss moth should also be looked for.

June 2. The busy little redbreast is laying for the second time, an indication that the summer season is advancing.

June 3. The young pheasants are now hatching out, and we shall notice that they are able to run about directly they come out of the shell.

June 4. Many of the birds that were recently hatched out, and formed such a pretty sight in the nests with their beaks open for their parents to feed them, are now fledged, and are about to start life on their own account. Among others are the linnets and the white-throats, the whitethroat being one of the most noticeable of the warblers.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



This is how the earth would appear to you at 6 a.m. on any day in May if you could see it through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows mark the direction in which the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow spinach for succession, and thin out advanced crops. Sow turnips for summer use, and make successional sowings of radishes in a shady place. Remove flower stalks from rhubarb as they appear. Sow peas again for a late crop; tall-growing varieties are best for this purpose.

Plant out tomatoes against a south wall. Keep the hoe at work among seedling plants to check the weeds, which grow at a rapid rate at this time of the year.

Pelargoniums, petunias, fuchsias, begonias, etc., may now be bedded out.

HALF A MILLION MAN-LIKE APES RACE THAT IS FAST DYING OUT

Taking a Census of the Gorillas

THE LAND WHERE THE MONKEYS LIVE

This is census year with us, a counting of human heads, so that before many months are out we shall know how many tens of millions the war and epidemics and natural decay have left us.

We may never get an accurate world census, but it is roughly calculated that the human family on earth today has increased to 1600 millions. So, in spite of everything, mankind as a whole continues to prosper to the extent which that increase indicates.

We were very, very few in number once upon a time. The brain and its powers to overcome natural difficulties are, under Providence, responsible for the rise of the human family. How has it fared with the creatures nearest man—the anthropoid apes?

That brilliant scientist Professor Arthur Keith, in the most recent of a delightful series of lectures at the Royal Institution, has been making a calculated guess on the subject. Nobody can know, but all the information in existence is at his disposal, and after working the matter carefully out he comes to the conclusion that man's poor, benighted relations the apes number, all told, but 480,000—rather fewer than half a million, or only just exceeding, say, the population of Leeds.

Man Conquers Distance

Man conquers distance and climate, and lives almost wheresoever he will; but the apes, in spite of their relatively large brains, have learned, not to master, but to accept only one sort of conditions.

The conditions natural to them are the jungle lands of the equatorial zone of the Old World. Less than one-fifteenth part of the earth's surface is available to them. In their steaming twilight world gorillas have advanced physically upon lines marvellously close to human. Their gait in the trees is as upright as ours upon the land. They are as tall as our tallest man. They weigh 17 stones and more. Yet their brains, positively man-like in form and substance, are insufficient for mastery of circumstances, and today there are but 30,000 gorillas in the world.

Gorilla Remains in the Trees

The oranges, next in point of size and extraordinarily teachable if one dare but handle them, number 50,000; the clever and less fierce chimpanzees total 200,000; and those strange, primitive creatures the gibbons—they are amazingly like little, shuffling old men as they run bolt upright—are also credited with a 200,000 figure. And that is the lot, 480,000 in all; 480,000 man-like apes gathered into one restricted area of the world in one special type of climate.

Man is not a specialised ape; the mightiest gorilla is not a lowly, bestial type of savage man; but in the far-distant twilight ages of creation there was a living stock from which two streams of life progressed—one with soul and brain and conscience attained humanity, 1600 millions strong today; the other changed from a crawling to an upright pose, but took to the trees and remained there, brutes, the man-like apes of today, 480,000 in number, and doomed to extinction from the book of life as certainly as the last of the passenger pigeons, which died six years ago.

THE AGE OF THE CANARY

A Walsall reader, referring to the possible age of the canary, relates how he knew of one that lived 16 years in a railway signal box, and then remained free and tame about the station. It seemed "likely to live a good deal longer," but was accidentally killed by a passenger treading on it.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

What Should Dormice be Fed On?

Acorns, nuts, seeds, non-poisonous buds and berries, oats, bread-and-milk.

Do Elephants Cast Their Trunks?

No; that is a form of waste and repair peculiar to the shedding of antlers by all members of the deer tribe.

What is the Acid in Oak?

The oak yields tannic, or digallaic, acid, a valuable substance, but present also in many other vegetable growths.

Why do Cats Scratch Themselves with Their Hind Claws?

They could not very well use the front ones for this purpose. All animals use the hind limbs for the purpose—even cows and horses.

Why are There More White Chestnuts than Pink Ones?

There may be a deeper reason, but the inference seems to be that the result is due to the choice of those who planted the trees.

What Should a Tortoise Be Fed On?

For the common tortoise lettuce and young fresh cabbage-leaves can be supplemented by clover flowers, and some will eat sowthistle and dandelion.

How do Brazil Nuts Grow?

In a thick, hard, woody seed-vessel called a pericarp, as big as a man's two fists put together. The shell has four divisions, each with six or eight nuts.

How does a Sitting Hen Turn Her Eggs?

She may not consciously and deliberately do so, but she moves them about with her beak, and disturbs them by movements of her body and wings and feet.

Must Goldfish Have Running Water?

The goldfish is a carp, and no carp needs running water. This, however, does not mean that goldfish in an aquarium should not have the water regularly changed.

What is Tapioca?

Tapioca is a starchy product obtained from the root of the manioc, or cassava. Carefully roasted on hot plates, the starch grains burst and form the nutritious tapioca of commerce.

How do Fish Keep Water Out of their Eyes?

The structure of the eye of a fish is such that the organ is specially adapted to contact with the water. Indeed, the eye of the fish needs water, as, like the whale's, it has no tear glands, and would not of itself keep moistened.

Do Birds Have the Same Mate Yearly?

This varies with the species of bird. Some birds have a number of mates at the same time—fowls and game birds. The cuckoo has no one recognised mate. Some birds have one mate one year, and a fresh one in the year following. But some, like the bullfinch and the eagle, mate for life.

How Long Does the Water in an Eel's Gills Last?

It is a pity that this question cannot be adequately answered, but the journeys of the baby eels from the river across country to the ponds and ditches, and of the adults back to the rivers, are so secret and unobserved that nobody knows. The writer's own observation of the distances covered and obstacles crossed enables him to say that the time must be several days and nights.

Can a Crocodile Strike with its Tail?

Yes, the tail is all muscle and bone and can be used like a flail to strike down a man or an animal. Further particulars will be found in an interesting illustrated article on The Terrible Knowledge of an Animal, in the June number of My Magazine—the C.N. monthly now lying on the bookstalls.

THE SWIFTEST PLANET

MERCURY'S PLACE IN THE EVENING SKY

Sun-baked World that Few People Have Seen

SHINING CRESCENT THAT IS GETTING THINNER

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next week we shall have the best chance this year of seeing the planet Mercury in the evening.

It always gives great satisfaction to observers to find this rapidly-moving planet because the opportunities are so few. This time the position of Mercury is exceptionally favourable; he will be more than usually bright, and the two bright stars of the Twins Castor and Pollux will, with Jupiter, point the way.

Jupiter, the brightest object, should be readily found, very high up toward the south-west, as soon after sunset as possible. Now, if an imaginary line be drawn from him to the place where the Sun has set in the north-west, it will pass a little below Castor and Pollux.

Where to Look for Mercury

Those stars may not be perceptible at first among the sunset glow, but they soon will be; while beyond, almost between them and the north-western horizon, will be found the lustrous Mercury, shining with a golden light. He is much brighter and larger than either Castor or Pollux; and for this reason it is probable that he may be found more readily than either of the Twins.

He should be looked for between half-past nine and half-past ten o'clock, summer-time, but if this artificial time has been extended for another hour, then, of course, Mercury should be sought between half-past ten and half-past eleven. He will be very low down at the later time, above and somewhat to the left of where the Sun has set.

The evenings of next week and the early part of the week following will be the best time for observation; after then Mercury will set earlier as he continues his rapid flight round the Sun, for he is the fleetest of the planets as well as the smallest, being but 3030 miles in diameter. It would take 19 Mercuries to make a globe as large as our Earth.

Why Mercury is so Bright

Just now Mercury is near to his greatest distance from the Sun, and therefore almost at his nearest to the Earth; so, instead of being only 28,500,000 miles from the Sun, as he is sometimes, this little planet is now about 40,000,000 miles from him and therefore eleven and a half million miles nearer to us.

This makes a lot of difference to his brightness, and therefore makes the present occasion an exceptionally good one for finding this sun-baked world that so few people have ever seen.

If he were looked at through a telescope at the present time he would appear like the Moon at first quarter; but this appearance will soon alter, for Mercury is rapidly changing his position in relation to the Earth and the Sun and will, in consequence, appear more and more like a crescent moon, the crescent getting thinner till he vanishes as he comes between us and the Sun.

World of Fierce Sunshine

This will happen on July 8, when he will be actually at his closest to the Earth. Being at his farthest from the Sun makes a great difference to Mercury, for at the present time he is receiving four times as much heat and light from the Sun as we are; whereas when he is at his nearest to the Sun—in about seven weeks' time—he will be having nine times as much heat and light poured upon him as the Earth.

When we are at our farthest from the Sun, which will occur in three weeks' time, the fact will not be perceptible, as it makes so little difference. So we may be very thankful that we are not living on Mercury.

G. F. M.

A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by
GEORGE
GOODCHILD



CHAPTER 19

The City of Riobam

THE crew of the airship stood waiting tensely.

Tom, shaken and bruised by the collision, gazed in amazement at the sea of white figures which surged towards them. Who were they? What were they? The beautiful city which glittered behind them dissipated the idea that they were savages.

"Are they going to attack us?" asked Tom.

"I think not," replied his uncle. "I can see no sign of any weapons."

The foremost figures were now within a hundred yards of them. Suddenly the leader held up his arm and shouted something. Immediately the whole multitude stopped and, with arms outstretched, sank to the ground, their heads bent forward in an attitude of obeisance.

The majority of them seemed to be men—wiry, brown-faced men, with aquiline features, very similar to the North American Indian, but without the high cheek bones. Their strange single garment was cut away at the neck and girdled at the waist by a cord. Two other cords across the shoulders held a broad-brimmed hat strapped to their back.

It was obvious they were paying homage to the party on the hill.

"It's the airship," explained Robert Breckneck. "They evidently take us for gods. Where's Professor Gellett?"

Gellett came forward, his lean face full of interest.

"What do you make of them?" Robert asked him.

Gellett shook his head. "Can't understand them at all," he said. "They're not Indians or half-breeds. They seem to be nearly as white as you or I. I believe we have struck a new civilisation."

A great cry came from the multitude as they raised their hands above their heads and put them to the ground again.

"Evidently they are not in the least hostile," said Henderson. "The man with the pointed beard in the front seems to be some sort of leader."

Just then Cookie caused a disturbance. Amazed and bewildered by the gleaming turrets of the city, he had produced a folding telescope from his pocket to get a better view. He put it to his eye and pulled it out to its full length. It had the effect that a clever conjuring trick has upon a party of children. The mass of kneeling figures stopped chanting and clapped their hands with delight at this astonishing phenomenon of a man producing a three-foot stick from his eye.

"Anyone would think they had never seen a blessed telescope before," ejaculated the magician.

"Better put it away," said Tom. "You are interrupting the ceremony."

"Come along, Gellett; let us learn who our admirers are," said Robert.

A small party of them advanced towards the leader of the host. He was a fine specimen of a man, of about middle age, and rose as they approached. His keen eyes were full of wonder as he nervously

surveyed them. Then he looked towards the airship and seemed to cringe before it. Robert indicated that the people should rise.

The man was quick to understand the gesture, and turned and gave some command to his followers. They immediately rose to their feet and thronged about him. He then addressed a remark to Robert.

"What language is it?" queried Robert of Gellett, who was a linguist of no mean order.

Gellett was puzzled. He addressed the man rapidly in Spanish, but he shook his head. Then he tried French and Italian, with the same result. Robert tried Hindustani and Arabic and one or two other languages, but he saw no look of recognition in the eyes of the lean-faced leader.

In the meantime Tom and Rolf and the rest of the crew were besieged by the excited people. They approached within twenty yards of the Dragon-Fly, but would go no nearer. A tall youth buttonholed Tom, and pointed with awe at the airship. He said something in a soft tongue, and one of the words sounded like Astropos.

It seemed strangely familiar to Tom. He remembered a passage in Euripides which contained the same word. Somewhat nervously he repeated the passage. The youth wrinkled his brows, and then suddenly nodded his head rapidly. He understood.

Tom grabbed his arm and ran along to Gellett.

"It's Greek!" he cried, excitedly.

"Impossible!" said Gellett.

Tom's companion again repeated the sentence about Astropos, pointing to the airship at the same time. Gellett gasped.

"You're right," he said. "It's a queer mixture of corrupt Greek with some Asiatic dialect. Astropos means star-like, and what he said was, 'What is that starry object over there?'—or words to that effect."

He turned to the leader, and interrogated him in ancient Greek.

The man's face glowed with pleasure. He understood the purport of the sentence, and replied that it was strange the wonderful visitors should speak a tongue so like his own. After that it was plain sailing as far as Gellett was concerned. But he was the only member of the crew who knew any considerable amount of Greek, and it fell upon him to act as interpreter.

"It seems to me," he said, "that this crew is going to receive a free semi-classical education in the near future."

The crew learned that the city before them was called Riobam, and that the spokesman was one of the leading citizens, with the name of Dio.

Everything connected with the airship was a source of wonder to the Riobamians. They believed that it had come from one of the stars and that all the crew were gods of a kind. Gellett tried to dispel this delusion, but as yet his limited understanding of the language made the task lengthy.

"They want us to go with them to the city," he said.

"But we've got to bury those poor fellows first," argued Robert,

"They have sent for biers, and insist upon giving them ceremonial interment," replied Gellett.

Cookie sidled up to Tom. "Are we going to that there town?" he asked.

"Yes." "Well, what about the cooking apparatus? I can't cook without my tins and ovens."

"Cookie, haven't you any soul? Don't you realise that this is the most wonderful adventure that ever happened?"

"Is it?" grumbled Cookie. "I wish I was back in the dear old Dragon-Fly. I don't like them fellows' langwidge. Why don't they talk like decent Christians?"

CHAPTER 20

An Alarm in the Night

THE procession to the city was ready to start.

The men with the biers had arrived and, with the bodies of Lord Parry and the other unfortunate men on their shoulders, stood in file. Dio gave the word, and the contingent began to move.

Out of the rich meadowland of the valley they came upon the swift river which ran almost circle-wise round the gleaming city. They entered by two bridges overhung with neatly-trimmed green creeper. The bridges themselves were of pure alabaster, built with consummate skill and artistry. On every hand were the most astonishing sights. It was as if some great sculptor had fashioned the city from his own brain. It was a poem in marble and alabaster.

"It is like ancient Greece must have been," said Gellett. "Who would imagine such a thing could exist in the middle of South America?"

"Many things are possible in so vast a country," replied Robert. "We have to bear in mind that this part of the continent is unexplored. The Riobamians may occupy but a few thousand square miles of land, and what is that in this vast wilderness? Imagine Wales, for instance, placed in the middle of Brazil and ringed round by impassable mountains and jungle. It might be yet undiscovered."

"True. But how did these people get here? They are undoubtedly of Greek origin."

Robert shook his head.

"Did you see that building?" asked Rolf of Tom. "It was one mass of burnished copper. It must be worth millions."

Tom's brain was too bewildered with the myriad sights to take account of any single object. The beautiful streets, the marvellous brightness of things, the throngs of laughing brown-faced children at

doors and verandahs, all eager to get a glimpse of the gods, made his brain reel.

The young man who had first accosted him still clung to him, trying hard to hold conversation. Tom's Greek was not his strong point, and he understood little more than that the handsome youth's name was Agassir.

The procession finished in a big square, where several men, who were obviously notable personages, came and bowed, and said nice things, according to Gellett. Then amid a burst of cheering they were shown into a big building which was apparently to serve as their home.

There were a score or so rooms, each containing beds and alabaster seats, with a larger room on the ground floor in which was a huge bath of the Roman type, filled with clear, fresh water. In a second large room were long marble tables, rapidly being covered with luscious fruit and other edible substances.

Tom, without more ado, undressed and plunged into the bath. Despite his bruises he thoroughly enjoyed it, and eventually joined the others with a glowing face and a delicious feeling of freshness. The doctor put several of the injured crew to bed, and then all who were fit enough sat down in the gorgeous room to partake of a meal.

Later came Dio to inform them that on the morrow they would be presented to the Emperor, who desired to see them.

Robert called the members of the crew together and addressed them.

"We are apparently in the hands of a very kindly people," he said. "Tonight we all deserve a good rest, but tomorrow we begin work. The Dragon-Fly is badly damaged, and, as far as I can see, there is no way out of this strange and beautiful land except by the way we came in; if there were, these people would have been discovered before this. We have to get the Dragon-Fly afloat again."

A low murmur of applause greeted this.

"A week or two in the open will ruin the ship beyond repair. We have to build a hangar around it at once. That is our first task, and until that is achieved we cannot afford to rest for a single moment."

"Hear! Hear!"

"Remember that we carry aboard twelve mail-bags for Australia. We are going to deliver those bags if it takes us a year—or five years."

The whole company stood up and cheered. They realised the danger the ship was in, exposed to any storm that might burst, and, inviting though this strange land seemed, few would be content to stay there for ever.

The crew were sent off to their various rooms, and they all settled down in comfortable beds for the night.

Tom, with Rolf as his sleeping companion, was just getting into bed when the unexpected happened.

There was a terrific uproar in the street. In the bright moonlight he could see white-clad figures rushing about, shouting at the top of their voices. Then from the distance came a blood-curdling yell. From every door came figures running, and in their hands were spears and clubs.

Tom woke up Rolf and ran into his uncle's room. Just as he got there a long arrow came through the window, broke its point against the hard wall, and fell to the floor.

"They're fighting!" he cried.

"Who?"

"The people. They're running about with spears. Look out!"

A second arrow whizzed across the room.

Mr. Breckneck ran to the window and peeped out, just as another eerie yell came from up the street. He came back with a serious face.

"Get everybody into the big room," he cried. "Something very strange is happening outside!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Magnificent Prince

TO have obtained the title of Magnificent in an age when most princes and rulers lived amid a splendour that has scarcely ever been equalled before or since is a proof, not only of great riches, but of an artistic taste.

The prince who won this title ruled in Italy in the 15th century, and never were artists and scholars and architects and writers so greatly patronised as by this prince and the members of his family. His was the golden age of art in the modern world.

The prince came of a wealthy commercial family, and though he was born in a republic—a famous city state—he became as great an autocrat as any king or emperor.

His grandfather had been exiled, but that individual's more than royal magnificence led the people to recall him, and later he came to be called the father of his country.

The Magnificent Prince was the grandson of this man, and received the best education that it was possible to obtain in those days. He became a real lover of literature and art, and was such a generous patron of scholars that his city became the centre of the new learning that arose in Western Europe at the period called the Renaissance.

But though a patron of art and learning, he usurped the powers of the people and became a great tyrant, so that a conspiracy was formed against him and his brother. An attempt was made to assassinate him at a cathedral service, but, though his brother was killed, he escaped. Most of the conspirators were afterwards captured and put to death, including an archbishop.

For this indignity to the Church, which in those days claimed the sole right to deal with its own prelates, the papal authorities invaded his territory, and the citizens began to murmur against him for bringing so much trouble on them. But he managed to obtain peace, to the great joy of his countrymen, and he again received their support.

More and more he encroached on the people's rights, and another plot against his life was hatched, but this also failed.

Then, in 1492, he was seized with a fever, and sent for the great monk Savonarola, to whom he confessed his faults. But the monk refused to grant him the absolution of the Church unless he restored all rights to the people, and as he refused to do this he died without the absolution he sought.

One of his sons became a famous pope, and other members of the family married into the French royal family. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



PLAY!

**A Weekly Paper
For the Tiny Tots**

PRINTED IN COLOURS

Chicks' Own is for boys and girls who are just beginning to read. This week's number contains a cut-out model of Rupert the Chick, a complete tale of Dog-Sailor, and many other good things. Buy it NOW

CHICKS' OWN

Out on Tuesdays. Price 2d.

May 28, 1921

The Children's Newspaper

II



Many a True Word is Spoken in Jest



DI MERRYMAN

"CYRIL, what did you do with the shells of those nuts you were eating in the bus?" demanded his mother.

"Oh, I put them in the coat-pocket of the man sitting next to me!" was his reply.

□ □ □

Safety First

SING a song of accidents
That happen every day.
All you little boys and girls,
Hark to what I say!

When you're not at lessons,
At play in field or park,
Do not run about the streets,
And go home ere it's dark.

□ □ □

WHAT is lengthened by being cut?
A ditch.

□ □ □

A Big Drop

THE queer little man in the moon
Was playing a sweet little tune.
When I said, "Sir, come down,"
He replied, with a frown,
"You must wait till I get a balloon."

□ □ □

What Game Is This?



Can you see what popular game this picture represents? Solution next week

□ □ □

WHY is it useless to give a horse food?

Because he cannot eat a bit.

□ □ □

A Bad Complaint

"Do you know that half a dozen doctors have given up Poor-leigh?" remarked a man to his friend.

"I'm sorry to hear that. What is the matter with him?" returned the friend.

"Oh! He just won't pay their bills."

□ □ □

A Queer Fellow

'Tis true I have both face and hands,
And move before your eye;
Yet when I move my body stands,
And when I stand I lie.

Answer next week



The Escapades of Johnny Crock

NELLIE LOCK and Charlie Flock
Were walking hand in hand.
Said Charles, "We'll call on Johnny Crock,

Who lives in Swampy-land."
Alas! their feet sank in the mud.
"Help! Help!" poor Nellie cried.
Said Johnny Crock, "There's Lock and Flock."

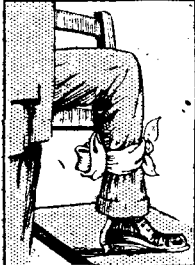
To help them out he tried,
And then all round the Swampy-land
He gave them both a ride.

The Mysterious Handkerchief

HERE is an effective little trick that will prove very mysterious to your friends.

Take a large handkerchief and place it round your leg, then bring the ends back again, and tie them in a knot in front. Next grasp the front of the handkerchief and tug at it. In a moment or two the handkerchief apparently comes through your leg, and still remains tied in a knot.

This is how it is done. When you put the handkerchief round your leg and bring the ends to the back, you make a loop in one portion, around which you put the other portion before bringing the ends to the front again and tying them securely in a real knot. A little pulling from the front separates the back loops and gives the appearance of the handkerchief coming through your leg.



How the loops are made

Sauce

A POOR man who had just lost all his money entered a restaurant where he was well known to the waiter.

"Lamb and mint sauce, sir?" asked Robert.

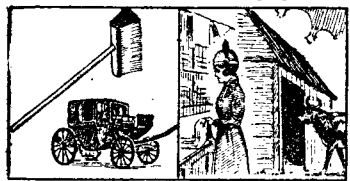
The bankrupt replied:
"You may keep the lamb. Give me the Mint."

Words That May Be Confused



Canon

Champaign



Broom

Buyer

There are many words in the English language that are often confused in conversation, although they are spelt differently and have entirely different meanings

WHEN is a tree as comfortable as a bed?

When it is down.

Answer This Quickly

A BOTTLE with a special cork cost 2½d. The bottle cost 2d. more than the cork.

How much did the cork cost?

Answer next week

Time Flies

THE watch is ticking, ticking,
Ticking the hours away;
And minutes make up the hour,
And hours make up the day.

The clock is striking, striking,
The hours so loud and clear;
The hours make up the day,
And the days make up the year.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Father and Son

Fifteen and a half years ago the father was three times as old as the son, their respective ages being fifty-five and a half and eighteen and a half. Three years hence the father will be twice as old as the son, their respective ages being then seventy-four and thirty-seven.

What Am I? A ladder

What Are They Doing?

One boy is throwing a ball and the other is jumping.

Jacko Takes the Dog Out

WHEN Belinda complained of feeling lonely and unprotected all day while her husband was away at work Father Jacko said, "Then get a dog." Which was a very sensible suggestion.

Belinda thought so too, and not long after she wrote to tell her mother that she had got her dog.

"What sort of a dog?" asked Jacko.

His mother couldn't tell him, but he soon found out; for coming in to dinner one day he found an extra chair set for Belinda, and a bundle of hair curled up in his own.

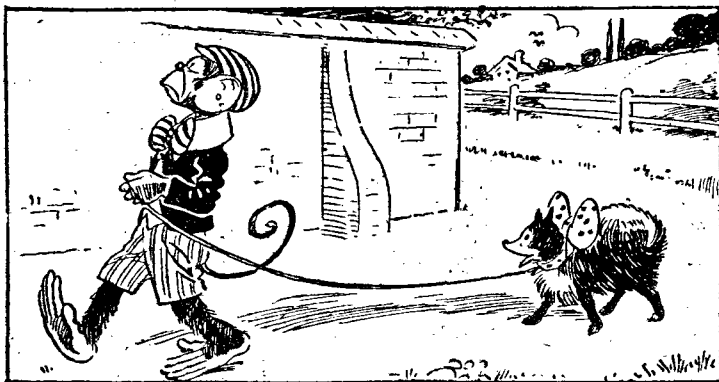
The bundle, uncurled, turned out to be a little toy Pom.

"Belinda's dog," said his mother.

"Belinda's protector," said Adolphus, with fine sarcasm.

"Member of the Police Force for fourteen years," chuckled Father Jacko.

"Has anybody seen my doggie?" interrupted Belinda, bustling into the room. "Oh, there you are, darling! Come



Loudly protesting, Jacko obeyed

to mother, then." And, to Jacko's disgust, she picked it up and smothered it with kisses.

To his still further disgust Belinda begged him, when dinner was over, to take it out for a walk.

Loudly protesting, Jacko obeyed. But he hadn't got very far along the road when he met an old woman with a bulldog.

"Now, that's the dog for Belinda," thought Jacko. "It's too big for that old woman. I wonder if she would change it."

The old woman was delighted at the idea. She took the little Pom eagerly, and Jacko went off with the bulldog.

"A thorough good house-dog," predicted Jacko, as he led it into the garden.

It was a good house-dog; there was no doubt about that. And it lost no time in taking up its new duties. It rushed at the butcher's boy as he came down the steps, and chased him relentlessly out of the gate.

"Here! He's all right!" cried Jacko, soothingly.

But the dog wasn't having any nonsense from anybody. He turned and made a rush for Jacko, who, with a piercing yell, took refuge on the fence.

The yell brought the whole family out—but only as far as the doorstep. And from there they heard the story in one breathless sentence from Master Jacko.

In the midst of the excitement who should come up but the old woman, with the Pom struggling frantically in her arms.

"He won't stay with me!" she cried, as she caught sight of Jacko. "You had better take him back."

"Take your own brute back!" shouted Father Jacko. "He's holding up the household!"

"Dear me!" said the old woman. "Come here, Prince!"

And, to the utter amazement of the whole family, Prince came. And went. And peace reigned once more.

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: The Sower

1. Un semeur sortit pour semer.

4. Comme il semail, une partie de la semence tomba le long du chemin: les oiseaux vinrent, et la mangèrent.

5. Une autre partie tomba dans les endroits pierreux, où elle n'avait pas beaucoup de terre: elle leva aussitôt, parce qu'elle ne trouva pas un sol profond.

6. Mais, quand le soleil parut, elle fut brûlée et sécha, faute de racines.

7. Une autre partie tomba parmi les épines: les épines montèrent, et l'étouffèrent.

8. Une autre partie tomba dans la bonne terre: elle donna du fruit, un grain cent, un autre soixante, un autre trente. Saint Matthew 13

Notes and Queries

What is a Chansoneta? A ballad, or little song.

What does Ne plus ultra mean? The uttermost, the very extreme.

What is a Barcarolle? A popular song sung by Venetian gondoliers.

Who were the Helots? The lower order of people held as bondmen, or serfs, by the Spartans.

What is a Cromlech? Several large stones set upright with one or more laid across the top, as at Stonehenge.

What are the Estates of the Realm? The great classes of the community. In the United Kingdom they are three, the lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the Commons. The Press is often spoken of as the Fourth Estate.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Pool

YOU will hardly believe it, but Eric's little sister Jenny had never seen the sea.

That does not mean that she did not have holidays like other children. Every year, when the summer came, she went away, but instead of going to the seaside she went into the country—generally to a farmhouse in Hampshire where her cousins lived.

But this year Jenny had been silly enough to get ill. For weeks she had lain on her back in bed, too weak and ill to want to do anything else.

As soon as she began to get better the doctor ordered her away.

"Take her to the sea," he said, "and try if the fresh air and the sunshine will bring the roses back to her pale cheeks."

So to the sea Jenny went. And nowhere was there to be found a happier little girl.

It was early in the year, and a little too cold to paddle. That came later. But it wasn't too cold to build castles in the sand, and to watch the tiny creatures swimming about in the pools when the tide was out.

This she loved to do more than anything. She would crouch for hours peeping into the pools, dipping her tiny pail in the water, and squealing with delight when something fresh appeared in it.

One morning Eric was startled by a loud cry. Looking round, he saw Jenny racing along the beach towards him



To the sea Jenny went.

with a tiny crab hanging to her fingers.

"Take it off! Take it off!" she screamed in terror, as she came to him. "It's biting me."

Eric had it off in a twinkling. "It's only a crab, silly-billy," he said. "It's nothing to be afraid of."

Jenny pouted.

"I put my hand deep down in a pool, and the horrid thing stuck to it," she said. "You wouldn't like it. It hurts."

Of course it did.

But Jenny soon got over her fright, and loved her little shining pools as much as ever.

But never again did she put her fingers deep into the water until she had made quite, quite sure there were no crabs about.

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

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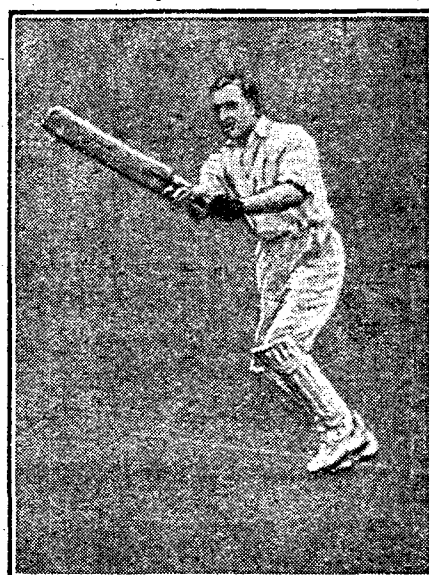
LONDON'S FLOCK OF SHEEP · SLEEPING IN SCHOOL · FRENCH BOY VISITORS



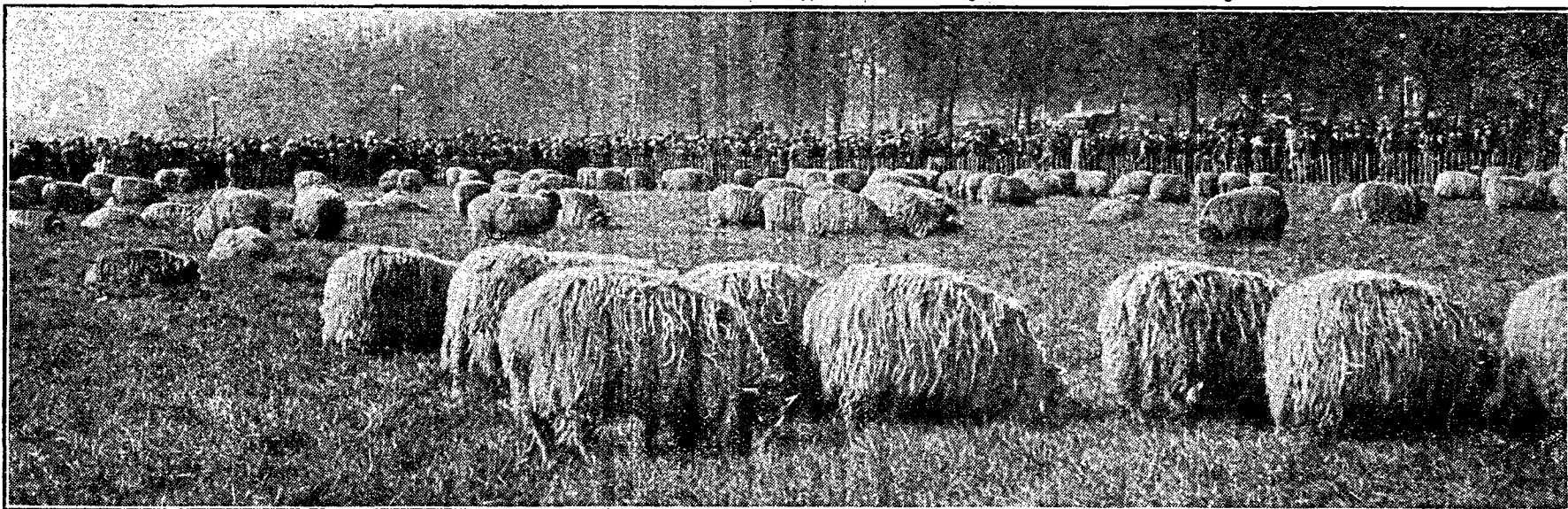
Proud of his Plumage—The rhea at the London Zoo is very proud of his plumage, and he loves to strut up and down displaying his fine feathers



The Butterfly by the Seashore—This little friend of the C.N. is enjoying a happy time in the sunshine by the sea, and is much interested in a butterfly, which is also taking the sea air



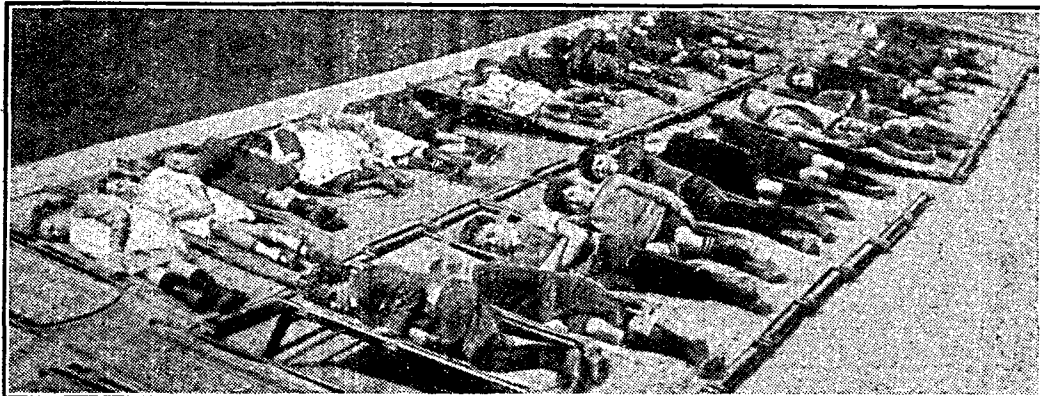
The Return of the Veteran—Captain C. B. Fry, whom many people hope will lead England to the forefront in the Test Matches



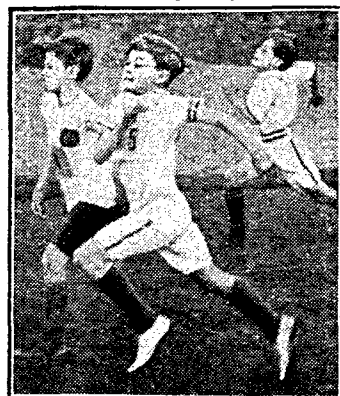
London's Fine Flock of Sheep—This looks like a scene in rural England, but, as a matter of fact, it is a photograph of the very heart of London, and shows sheep grazing in Hyde Park



A Good Joke—These two puppies, judging by the smile on their faces, have evidently been having a good joke together



A Compulsory Midday Rest—The London County Council educational authorities, having come to the conclusion that during the two-hour interval at midday the younger school children tire themselves out playing in the parks and playgrounds, now insist upon the children spending part of this time resting in the open air. Here we see the mid-day rest in operation at a Clapham school



Young Athletes in the 100 Yards Race—Boys of eleven racing in the London Secondary School Sports at Herne Hill, London



Paper-hangers at School—The Swansea education authorities have arranged lessons on home life and spring cleaning, and these girls are being taught to re-paper the walls of a room. The teaching of such domestic matters is much appreciated by the parents of the children



French Boys at a London School—A party of French boys from the Condorcet College in Paris at the Merchant Taylors School in London. English boys from this school have gone to Paris, and will stay with the parents of these French boys